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Rev E V Gerhart 30 Aug 71

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Theology and Criticism.

THEOLOGICAL AND SPIRITUAL CULTURE:

A discourse delivered at the opening of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa., Wednesday evening, September 2d, by the Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D., Professor of Theology.

The work of the minister of the Gospel, as it is the most solemn, so it is also the most distinctive in its character. From the other learned professions it differs in degree, indeed, as regards responsibility and dignity; but this mode of distinguishing the ministry fails to touch the essential difference. From them the ministry differs chiefly in kind. The professions of law and medicine differ from each other in kind also. They differ very widely; as widely as the idea of justice and the fact of health. But they both belong to the natural order of human life. They are developed of necessity from the existing social economy of a fallen world. Whilst the one pertains to justice and the other to health, and thus are dissimilar, the two are nevertheless to be regarded, when compared with the Christian ministry, as the members of one and the same class.

The Christian ministry, on the other hand, does not belong to the natural order of human life. It is not developed from the social economy of the world. The ministry belongs to the new and supernatural order of human life, which proceeds from the Person of the glorified Christ, through the gift and abiding operation of His Holy Spirit. As the Christian Church is not a natural, but a spiritual constitution, not human, but divine-human in principle, character, and aim, so are also the word, the sacrament, and the ministry; for these are, each one, an integral part of the Church. As there is, properly speaking, no Church without sacraments, so there is no Church without a ministry. Yet the ministry does not make the Church, no more than a Church-people can make, or institute an apostolic ministry. The ministry is a necessary part of the constitution of the Church, just as the arm is an essential member of the human body. And as the arm partakes of the nature of the human body, so does the ministry partake of the distinctive character of the one, holy, Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. The office is spiritual, supernatural, divine, in that sense in which the Church as the body of Christ is spiritual, supernatural, and divine.

To prepare men for this spiritual work is the vocation of the Theological Seminary. The Seminary in fulfilling her vocation acts as the institution and organ of the Church. The Church invites all men, without exception, to enter her communion; and she imparts her benedictions alike on all her members; but she calls a part of her membership into her official and exclusive service; she bids them quit every secular business, and pass through a prescribed course of discipline and training, that in due time they may be fitted for the solemn transaction, whereby they shall be clothed with authority from Christ to minister to His people in spiritual things. The call which the Church extends to a man is rarely, if ever, a call directly to accept the ministerial office; for, as a rule, no member, whatever be the measure of his mental and moral culture, is found to possess, unless he has devoted himself to a special course of preparation, the requisite theological and spiritual fitness to receive ordination. Generally the Church, in the first instance, calls a member to quit every secular vocation, that he may give his time and strength, for a definite period, to a regular course of preliminary training, a course which she prescribes, oversees, and conducts through chosen men, set apart for this particular work. As the result of such training under her direction, it becomes evident to the Church, whether a member possesses adequate theological and spiritual ability to be entrusted with the stewardship of the mysteries of God.

The Seminary being the organ of the Church, and constituted for the purpose of qualifying men for the holy ministry, its vocation is peculiar and distinctive. The nature of this vocation is determined by the relation which the Seminary bears, on the one hand, to the life and authority and mission of the Church, and on the other, to the ministry of the Gospel as being an office in the Church, possessing a supernatural and spiritual dignity. We may accordingly characterize the Seminary under one of its most important aspects, by saying, that it is its vocation to be the *nursery of sound theological and spiritual culture.*

The theological and spiritual, especially when viewed from the Christian stand-point, is a distinct sphere of life and labor, distinct from the sphere of literature and the arts, from natural science and philosophy, distinct also from the broad idea of liberal education. Whether higher or lower than any one of these domains of culture, is not now the question, nor does the question possess primary importance. The matter of first importance is to

recognize the broad difference between the order of supernatural revelation and the natural economy of the world; between the species of culture growing directly out of fellowship with Christ in the Spirit, and the other culture which is promoted by contact with the wide range of objects, lying outside of the domain of grace and redemption. That other culture, social, literary, ethical, æsthetic, or by whatever name we may designate it, or however legitimate, valuable, and even indispensable it may be in its appropriate place, is not the culture specifically, which constitutes the distinctive qualification of a man in order to be an able and effective ambassador of Jesus Christ. The Seminary acknowledges the excellence of such liberal culture, and presupposes it in those who are admitted as students. Its curriculum, moreover, has a powerful tendency, though indirectly, to promote it and advance it; yet such important culture is not its chief aim. Good material is necessary in order to form an able theologian; mental and moral capacity is necessary to cultivate a spiritual man of a high order. Yet it is the theological in distinction from the classical, scientific, and philosophical, with which the institution deals directly; and it is the spiritual man, as distinguished from the intelligent and polite man, that it seeks to form. A man of intelligence and refinement, of good taste and good manners, is so far forth fitted for spiritual culture, and possesses capacities and susceptibilities, that give him an advantage over those, who lack these prerequisites; but the spirituality of mind and heart, at which the Seminary aims, is far more than social refinement and correct taste. This is something that is quickened and nourished only by the anointing of the Holy Ghost.

Theological culture is not just the same as theological knowledge. A man may be well-versed in the various systems of theology; he may be acquainted with all the received doctrines of the Church; he may be familiar with holy Scripture, and even be a biblical scholar, and nevertheless be greatly wanting in theological culture. All kinds and degrees of the knowledge of things operate as a powerful stimulus to culture; but all culture, and particularly theological culture, pre-supposes other conditions. Theology is the scientific apprehension of the verities of faith, or of those facts and realities that belong to the objective economy of revelation and redemption. Christian theology, or that scientific apprehension of the contents of revelation, which is developed from living faith in the incarnate Son of God, has therefore a life and genius peculiar to

itself. It is not made up of cold doctrinal formulas; but it is a science inspired with the warm life-breath of Christ Jesus. It has a pulsating heart. It is pervaded by a heavenly unction.

True theological culture is the result of an educational process, whereby the student comes into contact daily, not only with the printed volumes, but with living representatives and living teachers of theological science. Social culture is not acquired by reading books on etiquette. It is acquired by being brought up in a well-bred family, and by associating with intelligent and cultivated people. So is theological culture acquired by a course of actual discipline in the bosom of a theological community, rooted in the faith of Jesus Christ, and animated by His Holy Spirit.

The student is instructed in that wide range of divine truth, which organic revelation and the history of the Church set before the eye of the soul; but such instruction is rather means to an end than the end itself. Free, living instruction is the medium of direct communion of mind with mind, whereby the perceptive faculty is quickened, and thought is moulded and fashioned according to the Christian type. Gradually and even insensibly the student is introduced into the distinctly Christian domain of truth; his judgment for divine things grows clearer, more penetrating, more acute and profound; and becoming more thoroughly imbued and possessed by the life of truth, the reason is ennobled, and its activity directed and formed according to the nature of the new world of verities, in which he begins to live and move and have his being. He acquires new tastes, new capacities, and more elevated habits of thought. As a child brought up in an intelligent, and refined household, ruled by the purifying power of Christian love, may attain to a high degree of social culture before it has (in the technical sense) been educated, and whilst its range of information is still very limited, so may a member of the Seminary community, whose soul is in rapport with its genius and aim, acquire more theological culture than theological knowledge. Knowledge is necessary and valuable, but culture is more necessary and more valuable than knowledge. Mere knowledge of doctrines and facts without culture is dry, spiritless, uncongenial; but culture vivifies and inspires knowledge, causing it to increase, and blossom, and bear fruit.

Culture must be spiritual as well as theological. Fitness for the holy ministry includes a high order of genuine spirituality.

Spiritual culture is not the same as

practical religion, or Christian experience. That a man is converted to God; that he is deeply penitent on account of his manifold sins; that he believes in Christ from the heart; and is seeking to adorn his profession by a holy walk and a godly conversation;—all this the law of spiritual culture pre-supposes as the necessary basis. To be a sincere and humble Christian is the indispensable pre-requisite to that measure of spiritual perception and spiritual strength, which is expressed by the term culture, as distinguished from that of Christian life, there being the same difference between the two things as that prevailing in the social circle between a man and a cultivated man.

Spiritual culture arises from habitual contact and direct communion with the spiritual objects of the Christian Truth. In one respect, the conditions of both forms of Christian culture, the theological and spiritual, are the same. Both imply the substantial presence, in the Spirit of Christ, of the Lord, as the absolute fulness of life and salvation. Both imply, that through the energy of His Spirit, our Lord is continuously exercising a deep and ever fresh moulding power upon His believing people, transforming them gradually into His own likeness. But in the one case, the responsive activity of the Christian differs from his activity in the other. The process of *theological* culture goes forward by direct communion with the objects of faith in the way of contemplation and thought. The objects of faith are recognized as veritable objects belonging to the kingdom of Christ, and we seek by direct application to form correct conceptions concerning them. The intellectual and logical faculties are active; and active not upon notions, but upon things, not upon dogmatic forms, but upon substantial verities, challenging the reason through the eye of faith as powerfully, to say the least, as the external objects of sense challenge the reason through the bodily eye.

The process of *spiritual* culture, on the contrary, goes forward by direct communion with the objects of faith in the way of worship, in other words, of personal devotion and prayer. Christ and His kingdom are approached as the source and domain of life to the dead, of salvation and righteousness to the sinful and guilty, as the sure refuge and defence against the assaults of the kingdom of darkness. The intellectual and logical are relatively in abeyance, being subordinated to the intuitional and ethical powers. The new man of the Spirit is nourished, disciplined, developed, and made more and more vigorous. The conquest over the old man of the flesh becomes more continuous and complete; and thus the capacity to exhibit the true nature of the Gospel becomes more real. The new life asserts its distinctive character with greater consistency; and the believer moves in the elevated sphere of the Spirit with greater freedom and regularity.

A man of genuine spiritual character is sincere, without pretension; humble, without being affected or egotistic; loving, without weakness; hopeful, without presumption; serious, without moroseness; devout, without

being sanctimonious; active, without superficiality; self-sacrificing, without being censorious; penitent, without gloominess of mind. The inner habit of his life is an approximation to the great ideal set before us in the second Man, the Lord from heaven.

Spiritual culture is of slow growth. It is the result of much prayer, much patience in conflict with the flesh, of much self-denial, and the result, if not necessarily of much fasting, at least of regular and strenuous bodily discipline; for the lusting of the flesh against the Spirit, of which St. Paul speaks (Gal. v. 17), includes the bodily appetites no less than the perverse secret motions of the carnal mind. No new convert can, in the nature of the case, possess it. A bishop must "not be a novice, lest being lifted up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil." (1 Tim. iii. 6.) The first warm impulses of zeal for winning men to Christ are no criterion of vigor or strength of spiritual character. Whether such an one will be like the seed, that fell on stony ground, and springing up forthwith, because it had no deepness of earth, was soon scorched when the sun was up, time and experience must determine. Nor yet can the required culture be found in any older Christian, who has not addressed himself with special diligence to the acquisition of it, as a matter of the highest moment. No merely passive or negative habit will attain it. Spiritual maturity and vigor pre-supposes, on the part of the Christian, activity, positive and persevering activity, and uninterrupted vigilance.

Such culture is essential to a man's fitness for the holy ministry. It can not be superseded by any other endowment or acquirement; neither by natural genius, nor by social or classical culture, nor by a fervid oratory, nor by extensive knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, nor by an orthodox and systematic apprehension of the contents of divine revelation. Nor can it be superseded by mere theological culture, or by the simple fact, that a man is in reality a true Christian. All these resources and qualifications, important and even unconditionally necessary as some of them are, nevertheless fail (though they be all combined), in the actual experience of the ministry. Possessing all these endowments and qualifications, and no more, a minister can not actualize the idea of his holy office. The preaching of the Gospel is liable to become, in some measure, a business; prayer more formal than devotional; singing more an art than divine praise; and the celebration of the Sacraments more a routine than a real ministration of the mysteries of God.

Just here there is a peculiar temptation, hidden to the eyes of all other classes of Christians. Just here arise very painful inward trials in the experience of a conscientious minister of Christ. The constant exercise of the spiritual functions of his office, often when physically and mentally exhausted, often when all the external circumstances of time, place, and people, of climate and weather, are most unfavorable, has a tendency, through the infirmities of our fallen nature, to beget a degree of familiarity with divine and spiritual things, that ren-

ders him measurably insensible to their reality and glory. Then dignity, propriety, and fervor lose the animus of divine unction; and the manner of performing official acts does not answer to the divine truth, which these official acts represent and dispense.

To maintain a good conscience before God, and realize, approximately at least, perfection or wholeness, as we may call it, in the performance of his official duties, from week to week, and year to year, there must be an ever new quickening of his own spiritual being by an ever fresh communication of blessing from the Head of the Church, the original and perennial fountain of all vitality and unction. Spiritual light and warmth must continually illumine and fertilize his own soul. But that such direct communication adequate to his needs may prevail, the minister must occupy a receptive attitude, answerable to the nature of the objective mystery. He must possess such a measure of positive spiritual power as will qualify him to be the subject of an ever-increasing communication of grace; for of the inexhaustible fulness of Christ he can receive only according to his ability. A perfect work of art can afford the purest æsthetical pleasure to those only, who are gifted with the best taste. So can the mystical fellowship of Christ with His ministering servants avail adequately for him only, who himself possesses spiritual power commensurate with the manifestation of Christ's glorious fulness. That a minister is at any time dull, formal, or barren, does not prove the absence of Christ, or the withdrawal of His Holy Spirit, or the inadequacy of His grace; but it reveals the want of power on his part, under all circumstances, to receive and appropriate, by faith, the rich quickening grace, which is ever at hand.

The acquisition of such spiritual culture is accordingly a matter claiming the solemn consideration of every man, who believes that he is called of God to prepare himself for the great and difficult work of the holy ministry. Being an essential element of his personal fitness to be clothed with the office, he should aim not only at leading an exemplary Christian life, but especially at developing a high degree of spiritual susceptibility and spiritual vigor. Without this he will not be properly qualified to accept ordination. Ordination possesses infinite force. But its virtue is only objective. Ordination does not operate magically. It does not confer the subjective capacity to appropriate its own supernatural virtue. To imagine that would be superstition. The efficacy of ordination realized in the personal history of a minister, pre-supposes that he has adequate personal fitness for the realization of its infinite virtue, fitness otherwise acquired. It pre-supposes just the kind of spiritual culture, which we have endeavored to set forth as a necessary part of your preparation.

The Seminary aims at being the nursery as of theological, so also of spiritual culture. We have before said, that the institution is a theological community, where the course of study and the reciprocal influence of teacher and student serves to discipline the mind according to the distinctive

genius of the science of divine things. We may now say also, that the institution is a spiritual community, specially adapted to the cultivation and progress of the new life of faith. Between the system of scientific thought, and the order of life and experience of the individual Christian, there is no incongruity. The two are in closest affinity. Christ, the Saviour of the world, the Author and Finisher of our Faith, is the substance of true religion, the principle of a valid dogmatic system, the light of the Old Testament economy, the law of exegesis, and the key to all history. So we teach; so we preach; so we believe. Hence the systematic instruction of the class-room addresses personal faith no less than it addresses thought; and the growth of faith conditions the progress of the student in thorough scientific knowledge. The theological implies and promotes the spiritual.

Closely connected with the discipline of the class-room is the more direct spiritual discipline of the Church. The institution stands not theoretically, but practically in the actual life of the Church, enlightened and edified by the living word, nourished and sanctified by the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of our Lord, supported and refreshed, day by day, by means of prayer and praise. The members of the institution are living in the very bosom of all those divinely appointed appliances and agencies, whereby both theological and spiritual culture are efficiently promoted.

Compared with the solemn trust, which is committed to the steward of God, and with the extraordinary demand, which is made on his mind and body, and especially on his faith, three years is but a short time prescribed by the Church, as the period of Seminary training. Yet withdrawn as the students are from all worldly pursuits, free from the responsibilities attaching to official station, and able to devote your time to prayer and meditation, to reading, and study, and healthful exercise, and to the regular routine of Seminary work, from week to week, you are in a position most favorable for acquiring that kind of fitness, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, which it is the aim of the Seminary to cultivate, and which the Church expects you to possess, when you ask to be consecrated by the laying on of hands.

May the Spirit of Christ enable you to address yourselves with fidelity and zeal to the work that now opens before you for the coming Seminary year.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

Communications.

For the Reformed Church Messenger.

THE WELCOME HOME.

BY REV. H. DANIEL.

"Then shall the king say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Matt. xxv. 34.

With glory, power, and might,
The King Supreme shall come,
And place unto His Right,
They who His will have done;
He'll speak to them in welcome tones,
Come hither, ye my chosen ones,
The kingdom that's prepar'd, possess,
Through Christ the Lord, your Righteousness;
Welcome home. Welcome home.
Welcome to your heavenly home.

God, as a Being of infinite benevolence, has a joyful word to our hearts now: "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

There is another precious word from Jesus to souls under sin's oppressive weight, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." But this last *Come*,—this *welcome home*, from the lips of our King, when forever free from sin and death, will be the most joyful, crowning word of all: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

This is the welcome sentence addressed by the king unto the righteous in their coronation day. And how perfectly opposed is it to the tremendous sentence uttered by Him with respect to the ungodly: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." There, "ye cursed," not, "ye cursed of My Father," for their own acts, and not the Father's brought their curse upon them. But here, "ye blessed of My Father." There, "Depart from Me;" here, "Come." There "Depart into everlasting fire, prepared (not for you, but) for the devil and his angels;" here, "Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

The character of those who by the sentence of the Judge are welcomed home, He designates: "Ye blessed of My Father." They were loved by Him with an everlasting love, and are now blessed by Him in eternity. Some bless themselves, and some are blessed by their fellow-creatures; but the great thing is to be blessed of God. How vain would be in all our most important exigencies, the friendship of mortals however kind and powerful they may be! But in His favor there is life. Their blessing consists in wishes and words; His blessing in deeds and realities. In the Divine blessing there is an actual communication. "He commandeth the blessing, even life forevermore;" and they whom He blesses are blessed, and none can reverse it. The world may indeed account them vile and accursed, but how vain is their censure under the smiles of God. Let them curse, but bless Thou.

Christ calls them the *blessed of His Father*, to point out the fountal cause of all their happiness, *the love of the Father*; this prepared the kingdom. The Author and Procurer of their felicity was God the Father.

This expression also shows how the Divine Persons glorify one another. As the Spirit glorifies the Son, so the Son glorifies the Father, and refers all to Him. Therefore Christ, in welcoming the saints home to glory, does not say *Come, My ransomed ones*; but, *Come, ye blessed ones*; not, *Come, you that were redeemed by Me*; but, *Come, ye blessed of My Father*; it is His good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

But in what are they blessed of His Father? It must be something peculiar and distinguishing. Temporal mercies they have in common with others. Yet even here there is a great difference as to efficiency and enjoyment. They have the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush in their comforts; and because He "blesses the labor of their hands,"

and "blesses their bread and water," therefore "a little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked;" for, "the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich," without abundance, and "He addeth no sorrow with it." But hearken unto the glowing thanksgiving of the Apostle: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." They are the really blessed, as the regenerated, penetrated and renewed by the Spirit, life, and blessing of the Father. In Christ they were chosen; and in Him they are blessed with all spiritual blessings. He was given to them, and He redeemed them from the curse of the law. He sought them, called them by His grace, gathered them to Himself in time, and justified them from all things. He feeds them with the bread of life, satisfies them as with marrow and fatness, adorns them with the garments of salvation, and gives them the earnest and foretastes of immortality. Such are truly blessed; blessed in time, and blessed to all eternity.

They are welcomed home by the King saying unto them, "Come, ye blessed of My Father." Many there are, who if judged by their dispositions and actions, say unto the "Fount of every blessing," "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." But what they are doing now will hereafter be their everlasting undoing. Now they have diversions, but then they will be abandoned to thought, and feel themselves in a condition in which nothing could avail them but His friendship. Oh, the dreadfulness in that day of being renounced forever by Him! But what a heaven will there be in that sweetest of all words, "Come!" This implies fellowship with the Father, who has called them to the adoption of sons. The invited were once without Him and far from living in a sacred nearness with Him; and hence their former degradation and unhappiness. But He pitied them even then, and was concerned to bring them to Himself. In His amazing condescension, He said unto them, "Come ye poor, and I will enrich you; come, ye rich, and I will heal you. Come unto Me in all your insufficiency, and I will supply your need. Come to My cross, come to My throne, come to My banqueting house, come to my table, and I will satisfy you with the rich provisions of My grace." Thus were they drawn unto Him, and thus did their intercourse with Him begin; and in the same way it is carried on and will be completed. Here they were made to feel their absolute need of Him, which induced them to seek Him, and inquire of others, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" Here they also found Him and enjoyed the light of His reconciled countenance. But all their desires and their hopes were not perfectly accomplished. Now they have reached the end of their faith and are satisfied. Now says He, "Come" to My immediate presence, and enjoy My beatific vision; "come," live and reign with Me forever in My kingdom. Is not the thought of this enough to make us wish to break through the walls of our prison-house—the body? Pause, O soul! call together all thy faculties; O Thou Divine Spirit! enable us to realize the view, bring near the solemn, joyful day to our minds. Give us

even now to dwell in it with rapture of affection and ardor of love!

The subjects of the heavenly kingdom shall be inducted into the King's most glorious palace, as joint heirs with Him. "INHERIT the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Every word in this induction is highly significant. As regards the *possession*, it is not a mansion, an estate, a city, a province, but a portion more extensive and dignified, and suited to the highest ambition of the soul, "a kingdom." It is the kingdom of glory into which the kingdom of grace has been changed. The *qualification* is thus expressed, "prepared for you." It was not a natural portion, to which they were entitled by virtue of their birth. Nor a possession bought with their good works; it could not be purchased with their well-doings, or obtained by their faithfulness. But it was prepared for them in Infinite Love. Neither was it, humanly speaking, an easy acquisition. Many things were to be removed, and much was to be done and suffered by an agency and passiveness the most illustrious. His incarnation, obedience and death, His resurrection and ascension were necessary thereto. Said He, "I go to prepare a place for you." All the dispensations of His providence and grace were necessary to secure unto them this inheritance. And now it is the free gift of the Father's love and good pleasure, richly prepared by His free grace and bounty, and purposely reserved for the righteous. The *earliness* of the provision is indicated: "before the foundation of the world." How impossible was it, that we should be saved by works of righteousness, that we had done. In the councils of eternity all was planned, purposed, promised, secured, not only without our desert, but without our desires. Ere we had a being, or time commenced, the kingdom was established, the heirs chosen, and places in the many-mansioned house prepared. There is a right of inheritance to this heavenly kingdom, which is by faith, whereby we are justified, and become the children of God, and joint heirs with Christ. But there must also be a right of fitness or meetness, which arises from actual holiness of heart and life, whereby we are prepared for the possession of this inheritance. Hence those who are invited by Christ to inherit the kingdom are such as were visited by Him on earth; so that they loved Him, though they saw Him not. He invisibly wrought in their hearts, and drew them out in love to Himself; so they approved themselves as His disciples by following His illustrious example. Their works of charity, done in faith and humility, by the assisting grace of God, admit them into the kingdom. Repentance, faith, and prayer are not excluded out of the account taken of their good works, for all is done through Christ strengthening them. The approbation of the godly will, therefore, be wholly of free grace and according to the riches of Divine mercy.

The season when they will be permitted to share in all the joys and immunities of heaven will be "Then." "Then shall the King," permit the souls who have tasted His love on earth, to drink their fill at the great fountain head, in a blissful, never-ending eternity of glory. Great will be the surprise, and high the joy, of those humble Christians, who will

then be welcomed home to everlasting habitations. Here they walk by faith in the Divine promises, not by sight.

If they build tabernacles here, they are soon taken down, this is not their rest. Confessing themselves strangers and sojourners here, they seek a better country, that is an heavenly. Ascending the Pisgah of Faith, they have a view of the promised land. This encourages them to an unwearied diligence in well-doing. Hence they sow in tears, knowing that *then* they will reap in joy. They run the Christian race, that they may *then* obtain the prize, even life eternal. They fight the good fight of faith, that they may *then* receive "a crown of righteousness." Now are they "kings and priests unto God the Father;" but *then* will be their coronation day. "Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Here is the inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in the heavens for you; here is your seat at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Here is the golden crown which shall forever deck your brow; here the light with which you are to shine to all eternity. Here is the service with which you are to be engaged, and in which you shall find your eternal happiness. Enter into the joy of your Lord; inherit eternal life; and be blessed forevermore. Thus will the Lord Jesus Christ at His second coming adjudge all His people into a state of glorious and everlasting happiness, prepared by His Father, and purchased by Himself for them.

Having this promise of a welcome home to heaven, let us divest ourselves of every remnant of our fallen nature, rallying all our powers to a better life. Let us walk worthy of Him who hath called us unto His kingdom and glory, that so an abundant entrance may be ministered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. O methinks it strikes one's heart with heavenly joy to conceive of the glad hosannas and shoutings (O that we may catch the sacred flame), that shall then make heaven's high arches ring with "Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Let the prospect animate us in all our religious course, even as it did the primitive Christians. They thought they always heard—and their faith, their conscience always did hear, "Come, ye blessed of My Father," etc. This enlivened them in duty, raised them above worldly losses, sustained them in every trouble, emboldened them in every conflict, and made them in all these things triumphant victors through Him that loved them, and gave Himself for them. Let us imitate their example, and share the inheritance with them eternal in the heavens.

Methinks I hear Thy welcome voice,
It calls me to my heavenly home,
What is the world's tumultuous noise?
In Thee, my God, I joy alone.
Come quickly, come, and take me home,
Beyond the star bespangled dome.

The highest motive to urge man towards a better life, away from selfism, is love for the Supreme Being. It cannot be an abstract love, a too reverential love, or a too awful love; but a near, trustful, trusting love. A whole heart love. And the sequence to this is love for mankind. Both are connected.

SEEKING AND FINDING.

[From the German, by Lewis Henry Steiner.]

CHAPTER XI.

"If that sufferer, of whom you told me, and who will always have my deepest sympathy, really loves the maiden, to whom he would offer his hand, more than himself,—then he should not offer it. He would—I feel it—make both unhappy. You know those words of St. Augustine: 'Whithersoever the soul of man turns itself, unless towards Thee, it is riveted upon sorrows, yea though it is riveted on things beautiful.'* I address myself as in the sight of the Lord to your own deep innate sense of right, whether a union could be formed in *Him*, which, at the same time, violates a sacred promise made in His presence? I will not justify the latter. It was certainly a sin to demand, probably also a sin to give it. But since God permitted this, I believe that it must remain in force. And—if it were even not possible for God to use evil for good purposes—who knows whether it may not be a part of His plan to make the souls of these two, although unwillingly, promised to each other, answer the purpose of mutual complementation? But even if this were not so, at all events, the two, who supposed that they *found* themselves one in heart, have never been *given* to each other! We will not ask, whether they may not have been too much alike. They must bow under the strong Hand, that has imposed incomprehensible, but still sacred and insurmountable barriers between them. And if they bow willingly under this Hand, shall they not find out that, That which has wounded, can also heal? Shall they not find out that, under all grief and struggles, in all the darkness of earth, He, who gives heavenly light and peace, and joy, is wherever the pure human heart might often sink in despair? Is the sorely tried one not called *Siegfried* (peace through victory)? The name has not been improperly given. God did not permit this name to be given, even in baptism, without significance. And how could He, who gave such a name, desert the human heart, that at baptism He had enfolded in His arms; how could He try such a human heart beyond its endurance, instead of designing, that the temptation should be only such as could be borne? If He is for us, who can be against us? Certainly, you are ready to confess with me, that neither death nor life, neither angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

I appended my name, sealed the letter and sent it to the Count, with some sheets of his music, that were still in my room. Then I sank down crushed with grief. I had written to him—almost forgetting myself—keeping before my eyes only *his peace, his happiness, his reconciliation* with that which was inevitable. But now the fact overpowered me with the irresistible might of despair: "You have lost him; you are now alone—alone!"

I looked around, above me: all was so gloomy, so dead, so empty, so deserted! The blue sky, the green earth seemed to mock me; all my strength to desert, and my faith to flee from me. I closed my eyes before the terrible, comfortless solitude around me. Such a

pitiable sufferer as I was. I wished to fly from myself.

I know not how long this continued, when a letter was brought me. I opened it. It was from the Count. I read:

"I am certain, that neither death nor life, neither angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord; that is the sum of your belief. I wish to join you in this confession. In this love you rest. I will learn to rest in it also. You have pronounced your decision with the unselfish feeling that God has given you. In my inmost soul, I know—that you are right. And although I could not say as much for that sufferer, who is destined either to bind himself without right of selection to a strange nature, or to travel to the end of his life-path alone, nevertheless the dangers, that you feared in another union for him, have stood often also before his soul like grim spectres. Wherever his path may lead him, he can have nothing but gratitude and reverence for you. You have given him something more and better than he ever dared hope to possess."

"To-day I go hence to my home. Wherever you may be, I know you will be under protection. Hope for me, pray for me also to Him, with whom alone I can find living courage and holy living power in my wanderings along my lonely path of life. May God protect you!" SIEGFRIED WERDEN.

I pressed the letter to my lips. Scalding tears fell upon it; I wept for a long time. Gradually my deep, heart-felt grief was assuaged, and it became brighter in my soul. I looked up again with clearer vision. I saw—why had I overlooked it before—the cross before me. It was a monition from heaven, speaking more eloquently than human or divine words could. Yes, I could turn to the Crucified, to Him crowned with thorns, with my excruciating sorrows. He would have compassion for them; He could heal them as no one else! * * No, still I was *not* alone! I sank down before Him: "Oh Lord, now I am wholly Thine own, without another wish, without another desire! Take me, heal me, bless me, consecrate me to Thy service! Give me strength and peace; and—guide, protect, bless, make him happy, who is separated from me this day!"

I lay before the cross for a long time. Peace had been given me during my prayer. As at the Bethany, after the bitter struggle, I felt a breath of peace, that could have only proceeded from the immediate presence of my redeeming, compassionate God. I had thrown myself a willing sacrifice at His feet, and He, who miraculously blesses every unreserved self-offering, lifted me up with heavenly and comforting words of mercy in His arms. In His light the gloomy earth also became light again. In Him I had not even lost him, who had been removed from me, so far as earth was concerned, beyond recall. In Him I could forever belong to him as a friend, a brother in Christ. Oh, how much holier, and more sublime was devout, submissive love, that did not receive what it expected, and received what it did not expect. That which I afterwards found blessed in constantly increasing measure—that now shone in my soul brightly and full of promise, without my being able to express it in words. Now I could rejoice amid my tears—who can understand this mystery?—for I possessed

and felt Him, whom the heaven of heavens could not obtain, and of whom neither heaven nor earth could deprive me! All my life, my soul had extended its longing, praying hands towards Him, towards His immediate fellowship. Amid the grief of penitential struggle I had found Him, when I saw Him hanging on the accursed tree; now I found Him again as one crucified for me, when, in imitation of Him for the first time I attempted to crucify myself with all my life wishes, and—not relying upon myself—was only able to exclaim; "Oh, take me; raise me up and let me share in Thy victorious sufferings upon the cross!" He did it—and the blessed covenant between Him and myself was sealed anew through His mercy. Such a covenant! What did it matter, if my heart's blood was shed therein? I gave it to Him indeed, to my only Lord. This blood pronounced a better yea and amen than my mouth was able to utter.

CHAPTER XII.

Some days elapsed, during which I was anxiously awaiting a letter from my parents, that would decide as to the time of my departure. Here, where everything reminded me of the recent past and yet looked so changed, so empty and shadow-like, I felt that I could not secure a permanent recovery. After the intense excitement of all the faculties of my soul, a great depression followed. All seemed gray and dead about me; I myself became so weary of spirit, that I almost hesitated to go further along the barren way of life. I found that it was easier to take a stand against the first bold attack of powerful grief, than to resist its slowly undermining power, hour after hour, day after day. In the former case the greater the peril, the more unreservedly the soul will cast itself into the protecting arms of the Lord. But when the first storm has abated, then one's own thoughts and emotions gradually begin to reign again, the sensible presence of God, manifesting itself above every calamity, disappears from the weak soul as it awakens painfully to the dread consciousness, that it can not tolerate even to look upon the earth in its light. True, the divine hand does not let the sinner go, nor does the latter desire to dispense with its everlasting Support, but as the growing might of the earthly increases, the effective influence of the eternal becomes weaker, and the everlasting springs of life must again be contended for in the barren wastes of faith—through a constantly renewed surrender of self to the apprehension of the divine—out of which the gracious and spiritual streams of holy might and love, of blessed peace, of heavenly joy shall pour forth in rich fructification over the pining heart.

At length the expected letter arrived, from which I hoped to secure release, at least from the immediate material surroundings, that now pressed with great weight upon my soul. It brought this, however, only in the shape of a fresh sorrow. My mother wrote me, that my father was seriously ill at Marienbad; and their mutual wish to see me as soon as possible but anticipated mine. She wrote briefly and apparently calmly, concerning the nature of the illness; still I could decipher in the lines the anxiety under which she was laboring. I packed up my things immediately, and took my departure from my aunt's house the same evening, uncle accompanying me to the nearest railroad station.

* Augustine's Confessions, iv. 15. Pusey's Translation.

Selections.

"WAS LOST, AND IS FOUND."

The day was hot and oppressive; and people, whose business obliged them to be out, sought to find shelter from the fierce rays of the sun in every available way. The busy thoroughfares of one of the largest cities of Australia seemed almost deserted, in comparison to its usual life and bustle. In one of its smaller streets, lounged a wretched-looking young man, whose whole appearance bore the unmistakable sign of the most abject poverty and want.

His tattered garments hung loosely about him; while his countenance too plainly told the tale of dissipation, and the love of that fell destroyer of peace and happiness, strong drink. Gloomy thoughts seemed filling his mind, as he slowly dragged his almost shoeless feet along the scorching pavement; when suddenly a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder, and a low cautious voice exclaimed:

"Hallo! old fellow—thought I should meet you about here somewhere. Ten o'clock is the hour fixed on to-night; be sure you are ready at the old place."

"I'm awfully out of sorts to-day, Dick," was the melancholy answer; "don't feel a bit equal to—"

"What?" interrupted the other; "you turning coward now we've got everything arranged, and likely to be the best stroke of business we've ever yet done? I tell you what 'tis, Dave," continued he, fixing a savage, threatening look on the face of his companion; "you fail to keep your appointment, and you shall suffer for it; or my name's not Dick Hare."

"All right," answered our first acquaintance, "I'll be there. But Dick," he continued, changing his voice to one of entreaty, "I've had neither bit nor drop since yesterday, and I'm starving. Can't you lend a fellow—?"

"No, Dave, I can't; my own pocket's empty. Wait till to-morrow; there'll be no need of borrowing then." And, with a coarse laugh, he strode away, while a look of hopeless misery and despair settled on the youth's face; and wearily retracing his steps, he wandered on and on, careless and indifferent as to whither his footsteps might lead him. At length he drew near to a cathedral, and standing in the shadow of one of the archways, a faint sound of music reached his ears through the half-open door. Afternoon service was being held; and presently a strange, irresistible desire, led him to steal softly inside the door. The cool, refreshing shade was very welcome to his heated, throbbing temples; and seating himself behind a huge stone pillar, a feeling of awe crept over him, as children's voices, blended with the rich, full tones of the organ, resounded through the solemn stillness of the cloisters.

Years had flown by, and not once in them had that young man entered a house of God; and what instinct could have guided him within its sacred precincts now?

Thoughts of long ago; of happy childhood's days, came crowding thick and fast into his mind, as with

bowed head, and eyes filled with remorse, he listened while the music still continued; now soft and sweet as angels' voices; then swelling and reverberating through the sacred edifice in triumphant choruses of praise and thanksgiving.

What a vivid scene far back in the long vista of years that music recalls!

It is a quaint old English town in one of the southern counties. A mother stands by the door of a small cottage on the outskirts; and with a fond lingering kiss on the brow of her son, bids him "be a good boy, and not loiter on his way home." A bright smile and self-confident answer of "All right, mother; never fear!" is the response; and with a loving, anxious look, she watches him till a turning in the road hides him from her gaze. The boy is very proud and happy, for he has been chosen from many others to fill a vacancy in the choir of the grand old cathedral; and to-day he is to attend full service for the first time.

Then another and sadder scene follows. A heavy blow is about to fall on that cottage home. That mother's spirit has entered the "valley of the shadow of death;" but she "fears no evil," for her soul is at peace with her God. A boy of fourteen kneels by the bedside of his dying parent, stifling his sobs, while she prays with the small remaining strength left her, for those she is about to leave behind. The father, too, is there, the picture of stony despair; and also a little girl in tender years, who weeps because the others weep, and knows not the meaning of their tears. That prayer so full of earnest pleading! Every word is remembered by that boy now; and great tears roll down his cheeks, such as have not been shed by him since boyhood.

Ah, mothers! could you but know the power of faithful, fervent supplication, surely your entreaties in behalf of your loved ones would ascend more frequently to heaven!

Yet another scene, fraught with bitter memories, rises before him. The hour is midnight; all is still and silent as the grave. The door of a small chamber is softly opened by a dark-eyed lad, who steals inside, and with noiseless tread approaches a bed where a little curly head is nestling on the pillow in innocent slumber. The moon sheds a bright light on the lad's face, which quivers in pain as he softly kisses the baby face; and hastily quitting the room, he lets himself out at a back door, and flees in sorrow and anger from his once happy home. His back and arms are still smarting from the effects of a severe chastisement given by his father; who has grown hard and stern, since his wife's death. Throwing his small bundle across his shoulder, he hurries on, until in the gray dawn of the morning he reaches a seaport town, and finds a vessel preparing to start on her outward bound voyage. The captain is in need of just such a boy, and arrangements are quickly made, and early the following morning he bids a sorrowful farewell to his native land.

The chanting has long ceased; yet heedless of the passing moments, the poor outcast still remains buried in deep reverie. The retrospect of his subsequent life is far from a happy one. Strong at first in the resolve to make his way in the

world by honest toil, temptations, in the shape of evil companions, have beset him on every side. They induce him to leave a situation of trust, where his employers are beginning to look at the bright-eyed, intelligent youth with favor, and join an expedition to the gold diggings. After long, weary months of hard labor, fortune favors him, and ultimately he returns to the city with his comrades, a comparatively rich man. Together they enter a place of rendezvous, where they celebrate their return in drunken merriment. Song after song is given in his rich, tenor voice, and glass after glass is paid for by the youth, whose pockets are known to be full; and by-and-by, a drowsy sense of heaviness creeps over him; he loses consciousness, only to find himself (when the morning's light arouses him) lying on somebody's doorstep, shivering with cold, and robbed of all his hard-earned gold. Yes! those companions whose boasted friendship and insidious flattery have led him astray, have disappeared—no one knows whither. And now his downward career is rapid. Reckless and dissipated, he wastes his young life in sinful pursuits; seeking work when driven to it by want, and spending his earnings as soon as received. From one step of degradation to another, he has fallen, until at last he has become an accessory to the perpetration of a daring robbery, and a perchance murder.

Great drops of perspiration stand on his brow, as he realizes with horror the extent of wickedness into which he is about to be led. A pale, dying face rises before him, and with an agonized start he exclaims:

"Mother! mother! what has thy boy become?"

Then covering his face with his hands, his chest heaves with sobs, and bitter tears flow from his eyes.

But listen! the place is again filled with delicious melody; and what is it they are singing? Surely the words and tune of the grand old anthem are familiar!

"I will arise and go to my Father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

He stands spell-bound, his ears hungrily devouring the precious words as the refrain is wafted as from heaven's gate to the poor penitent. And when it is ended, a firm resolve enters his heart to at once begin a new life. In deepest humility he utters, as with clasped hands he lifts his eyes to heaven: "My mother's God—have mercy upon me!" and later, when he hears the solemn benediction pronounced, and passes again into the outer world; the words of the anthem receive an echo in his heart, and he traverses the streets in earnest search for employment, forgetting his hunger, forgetting almost everything in the great joy of feeling himself a new man.

The next morning papers are teeming with the news of an attempted robbery and murder, in one of the principal houses of business. A well-concocted scheme of villainy it seems to have been; but through the absence of one of their number it had failed, and the would-be perpetrators are lodged in the city jail awaiting their condemnation.

In the soft mellow sunset of a

lovely Summer's day; beneath a porch of trellis work, where roses and jasmine vie with each other in making the most charming framework round the youthful form, stands a maiden fair and bright to look upon, who seems to be anxiously expecting some one, for she shades her eyes with her hand, and gazes eagerly down the road. Presently she sees a man approaching, and with a smile of relief she hastens in to see that every needful preparation is made for the evening's repast.

"Poor father," says she, as she takes a hat and stick from a tall, gray-headed man, who enters the house, "how tired you look!"

"I am very tired, child, and hungry too! It took me much longer than I bargained for."

"So I supposed, dear father, by your being so late; but come! here are your slippers, and I have such a beautiful supper for you."

"I wonder who that is coming up the path," says she, some time later, as she glances out of the window, and sees a tall form approaching the house. "I hope it's no one on business," she continues, as she rises to answer the knock.

"Can I see Mr. Hurbon?" inquires a husky voice.

"My father has just returned home, and is very tired; will you give me a message?"

The stranger is scanning the face of the maiden with eager, searching eyes, and presently he feels another pair of eyes, from behind where she is standing, are just as eagerly scanning his own.

A long, long look in each other's eyes, and a low murmur of "Father!" from the one, and a gasping exclamation of "My boy!" from the other, and father and son are clasped in a close embrace.

The young girl stands by, strange bewilderment and glad surprise struggling in her face; for though her memory refuses to bring the brother Dave of her childhood back to her remembrance, she waits his greeting with a hearty welcome; for her heart tells her the stranger can be no other. The father, too, long ago has lost his hard sternness, and the sorrow which has replaced it all now vanishes; as with humble, loving gratitude to God he cries:

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."—*From the British Workman.*

THE EYES AND SPECTACLES.

An old writer, living before the days of illuminating gas and kerosene, remarks that the "first sign of the need of spectacles is a tendency to bless the man who invented snuff-boxes." In this age we should say the first sign is to find one scolding about the publisher of his daily paper, who is charged with filling his columns with type growing every day more diminutive and indistinct.

When a man or woman reaches the age of forty-five or fifty, it is generally found that some aid to natural vision is required. The discovery of this want is very liable not to be made soon enough, and the eyes suffer greatly in consequence. There is also a foolish pride which prevents some people from adopting spectacles after the discovery is made. There is no truth relating to vision more important, and which therefore should be more clearly un-

derstood, than this: that in every case of defective eyesight, whether it proceeds from advancing age or from accident, artificial aids should be resorted to without delay. The tendency is in all, or nearly all cases, towards irreparable injury, when this aid is withheld.

It is true, bad or ill-adapted spectacles may and do cause injury, and so do improper medicines, or injudicious food or regimen. If proper care is used in selecting glasses, and the right ones are obtained, they strengthen vision, and the vigor of all the functions of the organs concerned in the phenomena of sight is increased. A child discovered to be "near-sighted" should be promptly furnished with appropriate glasses, and they should be selected if possible, under the advice of a competent medical man or optician.

In the case of persons who have passed middle life, as soon as it is noticed, that the best artificial light is sought, or that letters grow apparently smaller or less distinct, or that the near point at which one can see distinctly is more than eight inches from the eye, the time for spectacles has arrived. In adopting them under these circumstances, we place an artificial lens outside the eye for the purpose of supplementing the natural change of that within the eye, and by so doing, we add to the power and normal action of the whole optical apparatus. The use of spectacles enables the eyes to work comfortably without fatigue, and they should always be strong enough to effect this object.

It is difficult to give any rules for selecting glasses, and there are many exceptions to be considered. The natural changes in our vision come on gradually, and glasses need to be changed to meet this modification as age advances. At first the change is slight, and may not for several years after it commences be so marked as to become positively annoying. In the early periods of decay of sight, glasses having a focal length of sixty inches will usually suffice, later in life they must be changed for those of forty or even of ten inches.

Glasses of a focal length of sixty inches will require one to hold the object looked at at a distance of fourteen inches. If at fourteen inches the letters of a book are seen most distinctly the focal length of the glasses is usually well adapted to the sight of those whose vision is slightly impaired. The distance should be accurately measured, as glasses of ten inch focal length require a modification of the reading distance of only about three inches less. The first spectacles should at first only be used for reading in the evening; and when no longer sufficient they may be superseded for evening work by others, and the first pair reserved for reading by daylight, or for writing, which requires less critical vision, more especially if ink be used that flows black from the pen.

Short-sightedness is a malformation of a somewhat serious nature, as short-sighted eyes are diseased eyes, and they require special treatment. Never allow a child or friend thus afflicted, to fall into the hands of "traveling quacks," or those who make loud claims to optical knowledge. In all large cities there are reputable medical gentlemen, who make a specialty of the treatment of eye affections, and they are the proper persons to consult. It cannot be too universally known that short-

sight tends to increase; and that if it increases at all rapidly, it tends also to destructive changes, and therefore it is an affection which requires prompt attention.

Perfection of eyesight is essential to our welfare and happiness and any one who neglects those precautions upon the observance of which its preservation depends, will find cause for deep repentance in later life. Young men and young women, who suffer themselves to fall into the habit of reading by the firelight, or at a window by the waning light of evening, or at a considerable distance from lamps and gas-burners, are guilty of acts for which they must suffer. Parents should promptly interfere to prevent the formation of such dangerous habits.

In the use of glasses, the tendency is towards those which are held in place by a spring pressing upon the nose. This form is convenient, and will do for purposes other than reading or writing, when prolonged use is not required. The nip upon the nose is often painful, and creates uneasiness; and besides, the focus is liable to become disarranged. For these reasons and others, the glasses held in place by bows passing behind the ears are the best and safest for reading or study.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

A PRIESTLY DILEMMA.

Spanish history records that a certain man was once dragged before the tribunal of his native town for the singular crime of robbing the Virgin Mary. A splendid emerald ring, which had long adorned the finger of a peculiarly sacred image of the Madonna in a church, was one morning missed, and a hue and cry being raised, the stone was found to have been sold to a jeweller by the sacrilegious wretch aforesaid. The case was plain as a pike-staff, and of course it was only a question of which punishment would be bad enough for the robber—crushing, boiling, flaying, or delivering to the tender mercies of the inquisition—when the judges were compelled to pause in their deliberations by the strange plea put forth by the accused. "Worshipful Senors," cried he, "before you condemn me, hear what happened. I went into the church last night hungry and sorrowful, and, kneeling before our blessed lady, I exposed to her all my poverty and misery, and implored her to help me. As I gazed at her benign countenance, lo! I thought I beheld a sweet smile steal over her waxen lips, and presently, as I knelt transfixed with awe and wonder, she drew off the emerald ring from her finger, and, presenting it to me, said, in a voice like silver, 'Take it, my son; it will be of more use to you than to me.' Now, noble Senors, can you punish me for having accepted the blessed lady's gift?" The judges, so the story goes, were fairly posed by this remarkable narrative. Nobody had been in the church when the man had taken the ring, and it was obviously out of the question to proclaim that the transaction he described could not have taken place, and that the Virgin never worked a miracle to relieve the wants of a votary. After long and painful consultation, the court came to a decision. The man was set free, but a decree was made that henceforth it should be illegal to receive presents from our lady or any of the

saints; and the person guilty of the offence should be treated as a robber.—*English Independent.*

Children's Department.

HOW ARTHUR LOST HIS PLACE.

Arthur's father was not a wealthy man, but he was the best lawyer in the town, and they had a pleasant home on one of the finest streets, where Arthur lived with his parents and three little sisters, till he was twelve years old.

Then suddenly the blow came. Mr. Thornton was seriously injured by the fall of a hod of bricks as he was passing along the street. He lay balancing between life and death for several days, rallied for two or three weeks, and then, as they were daring to hope he might recover, suddenly died. He was an earnest Christian, living right, and therefore always ready to die, to pass from his pleasant earthly home to his eternal home in heaven.

Very little property was left, so the house with its furniture, piano and books had to be sold, and Mrs. Thornton moved to a tenement on a shabby street, and tried to live so economically that there would be enough to provide the necessities of life and educate the children, till they should be old enough to do something for themselves. But never before having had any care as to the family expenses, before two years had gone by, to her dismay she discovered that another year's living at even that poor rate would consume her all, so the children were taken from school to save tuition and extra dues, and she taught them at home herself.

Mr. Thornton's last words to Arthur had been, "My son, you must be the father now. Be good, be true, do right, and God will help you through, my boy," and Arthur had resolved that come what might of privation or work, he would never complain. So he did all that he could to help along, made the little garden, tended it, run on errands, cut the wood, shovelled snow, did any odd jobs for anybody, not caring what the work was so that he was earning money honorably, and obeying his father's last injunction.

At fifteen he thought it would be better to give up trying to study for a time, and get a regular situation, so he applied to the family grocer, offering to deliver parcels, or anything, so that he was useful.

"I do not need any more now," said Mr. Jones, "but I will be on the look out for a good place for you," and Arthur prayed earnestly that he might succeed.

He was very much delighted when, the next week, as he was passing, Mr. Jones called him in and said, "Arthur, I've found just the place for you. There's a man wants a tidy, pleasant-spoken boy like yourself to wait on customers when he's hard run, clean up store, and do light work. He'll pay you twenty-five dollars a month, you boarding yourself, except that you'll take lunch at the store."

"Twenty-five dollars a month!" How magnificent that sounded to Arthur. "I am obliged to you, Mr. Jones," cried Arthur, gratefully. "That will pay mother's rent and ten dollars a month over. How good you are to me!" and how truly God answers prayer! thought Arthur to

himself. "Who did you say it was wanted me?"

Mr. Jones hesitated a moment, coughed, and finally said, "Why it's Mr. McShane round the corner, and he is good, sure pay."

Arthur's bright, happy look faded out instantly; it seemed to him as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up. Mr. McShane kept a whisky-saloon, a place that had always seemed to Arthur, when he passed it, as the door to destruction.

"O, Mr. Jones, I couldn't go into a whisky-saloon if they would pay me a hundred dollars a month,—no, nor a thousand!" answered Arthur in his manly way. "I am much obliged to you for your trouble. I do want to help mother, and I think some honest work can be found. But I believe my father would rather see us all starve, than look down from heaven and know I was keeping them alive selling whisky."

There were tears in Arthur's eyes, tears of disappointment, chagrin, and perplexity; for he could plainly see that Mr. Jones—who was an obstinate man, and loved his own way too well—was very angry with him; and he felt still more grieved when, after saying, "Oh well, my young gentleman, if you're too nice to do the work I've taken so much trouble to find for you, you can hunt for yourself, or try a little of that starvation you talk so large about," he walked away, not looking around, nor appearing to hear Arthur's reply.

"It isn't that, Mr. Jones. I'd rather break stones, or clean out the sewers, as the men are doing across the street, for twenty-five cents a day, than sell whisky; if my hands and clothes did get soiled, my soul would be clean!"

At home, Arthur took counsel with his mother. "God bless you, Arthur. Let us be thankful, my son, that He kept you from yielding to the temptation. I'll take in washing, and the children shall pick up the rags in the street, before we will, any of us, aid in scattering death among our neighbors. God will provide a way for us." And though Arthur's heart was very sore whenever he went to the grocery and was treated so cruelly by his former friend, yet there was within a peaceful consciousness of having done right, of being "good and true," as his father charged him.

He tried to be patient till God should provide a way, but nobody wanted him. Occasionally he found an errand to do, a horse to hold, a garden to hoe, or wood to saw; but nothing was reliable; they were falling behind all the time, and he and his brave mother were mutually disheartened.

One autumn day, just as winter, with its many needs of clothing and fuel were setting in, an old friend of Arthur's father drove up to the grocery store, as Arthur was coming out.

"I'll give you ten cents, my boy, to hold my horse a few minutes," said he.

"Yes, sir; all right," said Arthur. He left the door open; no one was within except Mr. Jones, and Arthur could not help hearing the conversation that followed after Mr. Morse had made purchases.

"Who is that boy holding my horse? His face is familiar, but I can't think who he is."

"Why," said Mr. Jones, glancing out, "that's Thornton's son."

"Is it possible?" said Mr. Morse. "How shabby he looks; and, in Mr. Thornton's life-time, he was always so nicely dressed. They must be quite down in the world. Thornton was a good friend of mine; but I have been away so much since he died, I had in a measure forgotten that he left a family. Are they so very poor?"

"Yes, she only had the house and personal property, and it all went at a sacrifice. I expect they are now pressed for something to live on, judging by the careful way they buy of me."

"He's a stout, hearty-looking boy, he ought to be doing something."

"So he ought, and I got a good place for him several months ago, light work and good pay, twenty-five dollars a month, but he wouldn't take it. I think he'd rather hang round the street, and do odd jobs and have his own way."

"Poor Thornton, I'm sorry," said Mr. Morse. "The whole aim of his life was to do good, and train up a good family to succeed him. I tell you, Mr. Jones, the more I see of the world, the stronger I am confirmed in my opinion that a town is no place to bring up boys in. They get to living in the streets, become regular loafers, and can't seem to settle down to anything. I'm glad I've taken my boys to the country. I think if I were to die to-day, they are so well settled in good habits of honorable industry they would never disgrace my name. You know it's the 'idle hands' Satan finds mischief for. Good morning, Mr. Jones," and, gathering up his purchases, Mr. Morse came out and put them in his carriage.

It was the bitterest moment of Arthur's life. It hurt him to go so shabby and patched, to feel that his mother was so hard worked, and they were so miserably poor and daily growing poorer spite of all their best efforts. Worst of all it seemed as if God had deserted him, and in trying to do what was right, he had brought disgrace on his father's name. "I will tell him the truth," said Arthur to himself; "he shall know that I have not forgotten the last words of my dying father, and was trying to obey them."

With great effort to speak calmly, he said, "Sir, I overheard what Mr. Jones told you about getting me a situation. We are really very poor, and I wanted to get steady work, but the place he found me was in a whisky saloon, and I couldn't go there, sir. I don't care so much what you thought of me, but I don't like to seem to bring dishonor on my father. His last words to me were, 'Be good, and true, and do right,' and I am trying to obey him, sir."

Arthur broke down with a sob, and, picking up his basket, had started off before Mr. Morse had recovered himself. "Stop—stop—and that was the way of it, my boy? God bless you! you are worthy of your father, and he was the best man I ever knew. You will be cared for if you are 'good, and true, and do right.' You will not be left to suffer," and Mr. Morse's eyes were full of tears as he shook Arthur's hand warmly, and getting in his carriage drove rapidly away, quite forgetting to pay Arthur the dime he had promised.

But in less than three weeks from that time, Mrs. Thornton and her family were living in a snug little cottage on his farm. Arthur and his

sisters were given the same school-privileges Mr. Morse's children had, and steady employment out of school. Arthur is a rich man to-day, still young, but a happy, benevolent man, who dates the beginning of his prosperity back to the day when God answered his prayer for work, by giving him courage enough to offend Mr. Jones by daring to say, "I couldn't go into a whisky saloon if they would pay me a hundred dollars a month, no, nor a thousand."—*Interior.*

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B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass. Sept. 2, '74—4t. P.



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NEW BOOKS.

The Reformed Church Publication Board have published the following New Books for the Sunday-School Library, viz.:

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Of the above two books the *Christian Intelligencer* says:—"These volumes are really gems. In the geniality of their style, and the artless simplicity with which they portray real life, they are not surpassed by the best efforts of those who are famed for their skill in catering for the young. There will be but one opinion among the 'juveniles' as to their merit, and, in this instance, the opinion is sound."

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Aug. 19, 74—4t. A.

Reformed Church Messenger.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 16, 1874.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

REV. D. GANS, D. D., Baltimore, Md.
REV. T. G. APPLE, D. D., Lancaster, Pa.
REV. F. K. LEVAN, Pittsburg, Pa.
REV. J. H. DUBBS, Philadelphia, Pa.

The source of the contributions in each case is indicated by one or more initial letters.

For terms see Sixteenth Page.

To Correspondents.—Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it. They will save themselves and us much trouble by observing this rule. Unaccepted manuscripts will not be returned.

To Subscribers.—When monies are remitted, and the date following the name on the direction label is not changed within three weeks thereafter, please notify the publishers. Those in arrears will please examine the date and remit the amount due.

IGESANG AND CHORALBUCH.

The German Hymn Book, which was originally prepared a number of years ago, under the direction of the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, and subsequently given to the public by the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, has attained a considerable degree of popularity. It possesses many acknowledged excellencies and especially as a literary work, is not excelled, if equalled, by any other similar production now extant. It has been largely introduced into the Reformed Church, under the express sanction of Synod, and has also obtained a more or less extensive circulation among several other denominations.

The author, at a considerable labor and expense, has prepared and had published, an edition of the work, with the music of appropriate tunes attached to each hymn. This mode of getting up hymn books was common among the German Churches years ago. It had, however, in great measure, gone out of use. The English Churches have, of late years, taken it up; so that at present, nearly every prominent English religious denomination has its Hymn and Tune Book. We are gratified to find the same method of getting up hymn books revived among our German Churches.

The work before us has been brought out in most excellent style. It is not only a marked advance upon the crude forms of the old German Hymn Books, growing partly out of the advance in the art of printing, but it even successfully rivals the best works of the kind, in the English language. The author had the stereotyping executed by a house in Europe, most skilled in the art, under the supervision of a competent person, in that country, and an edition has been issued from these plates by one of the largest German publishing houses in this city. The book presents a very neat and attractive appearance.

The musical part of the work was prepared and arranged by G. F. Landenberger, of this city, an accomplished organist, and the author of a book of German Chorals, extensively circulated in this country. There are also forty new hymns added to those contained in the former editions of the work. We doubt not but that this German Hymnal will be well received and obtain an

extensive circulation in our German Churches. It is published by I. Kohler, 202 N. 4th Street, Philadelphia; and also kept for sale by the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch Street. Price per copy in embossed leather, \$2. The price for those in finer binding is advanced, according to quality of binding.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON A RAMPAGE.

Our readers will doubtless remember the interest excited by the test of the efficacy of prayer, proposed by Prof. Tyndall some time ago. It was taken up and discussed by nearly every religious newspaper in the country, and has also been treated at length in book form, by men of acknowledged ability. It evidently obtained greater importance and elicited more attention, than the real merits of the case demanded. The convictions growing out of the experience of thousands of truly pious hearts could not be shaken by so frivolous a proposition, as that submitted by the professor, though a scientist of more than ordinary pretensions.

The Professor, it seems, has appeared again on the public stage, in a lecture on science, and makes in it even still greater advances in the direction of materialism. The circumstance, as in the former instance, is eliciting very general attention from the religious and intelligent public. The thought has again occurred to us, Are the movements of the Professor indeed of such vast moment, as to be deserving of the importance attached to them? Is Christianity in truth likely to be in any way damaged by his utterances?

We trow not. It grounds itself so fully in the self-consciousness of truly pious hearts, as to be utterly incapable of being shaken by the vain babblings of any materialist. The lives of such men also, must ever prove incontrovertible evidence of the reality of Christianity itself, and an insurmountable barrier to its eventual overthrow. More is lost than gained, when its friends pursue any such course, as indicates, that they indulge the least fear, as to the possibility of its suffering serious injury at the hands of its avowed enemies. Christianity is built upon a rock, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. So the Christian believes, and under the influence of this faith, he should ever act.

ENCOURAGING RESULTS.

From time immemorial, it has been customary in our Reformed churches, to hold annually a "Harvest Festival," at which collections are taken up in aid of one or more benevolent objects. This has been generally done at the close of the last harvest season, as heretofore. The results, were they to be known, we doubt not, would be full of encouragement. At least, such is the case, if two instances which have come to our knowledge, will serve as specimens. Though the result in all cases, may not be so flattering as in these, yet we believe, none are so meagre as to be wholly without encouragement.

The New Goshenhoppen charge, of

which the Rev. C. Z. Weiser is the efficient pastor, has always been prominent, and especially of late years, in its interest in the cause of benevolence. The late Harvest collections in the two congregations composing the charge, amount to \$387.25. Of this amount, \$184.75 are appropriated to Home Missions; \$40 to the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, and \$162.50 to other benevolent objects.

The ever active pastor of the Tulpehocken charge, the Rev. C. H. Leinbach, again occupies his usual place in the Harvest collection movement. His charge consists of five congregations, furnishing a very large field of labor, which, he, however, cultivates with encouraging success. His collections at the Harvest festivals in his congregations this year amount to \$101.71, divided among the different congregations as follows: Klopp's church, \$28; Tulpehocken, \$26; Kimmerlings, \$21.31; Millersburg, \$19.25, and Mt. Zion, \$7.15. The entire proceeds are appropriated to benevolent purposes.

We should be pleased to receive similar reports from other places, and will cheerfully take such notice of them, as the circumstances may suggest.

AN OLD-TIME COMMUNION SEASON.

As intimated a few weeks ago, our journey to college was performed on foot. For reasons, which we deemed sufficient at the time, we left home several weeks earlier than was necessary to enable us to reach the college in time for the opening of the session. This afforded us an opportunity for spending a few weeks with an uncle and some other friends, who resided about ten miles south of Greensburg, Pa., on the Glade turnpike, west of the Little Sewickley. Our first Sunday west of the Allegheny mountains was spent here. It was in the early part of October, A. D. 1829.

As there were no services on that day, at the Brush Creek Reformed Church, of which the Rev. Dr. N. P. Hacke was pastor, and at which our uncle worshiped, and learning that there were services at a church about four miles down the Sewickley, we wended our way thither, and reached the place about 10 o'clock, A. M., which we supposed was the time at which they would most likely commence. We learned afterwards, however, that they had commenced at 9 o'clock.

It proved to be a communion occasion. The church belonged to the Associate Presbyterian Church, one of the stricter sort of seceder churches. The pastor was a Scotch-Irishman by the name of Mungo Dick. He was in the pulpit when we arrived, and engaged upon what we thought to be a sermon, but which we afterwards learned, was an exposition of the Psalm that was to be sung on the occasion. The church was densely packed, and as no one made any effort to get us a seat, we squatted down on the door sill. The Scotch-Irish brogue of the preacher made it difficult for a stranger to understand him. The sermon, as we thought it to be, was tolerably long. He, however, brought it to a close, and the congregation began to sing, the leader

lining out one line at a time. This order of things struck us strangely, but it occurred to us, that the Methodists usually sing after the sermon before they pray, and this people, probably, observe the same custom.

When the singing closed, the pastor began to pray, and an exceedingly long prayer it was, embracing almost every topic that could be reasonably included in a prayer. At the close of the prayer, a few verses were sung in the same style as before. When this was concluded, the preacher took a text, and began to preach a sermon. This seemed still more strange to us. We had supposed he was engaged on a sermon when we arrived, and now follows another. This people, it seems, have sermon upon sermon, so we thought. The sermon occupied considerably more than an hour, to which we listened as patiently as we could, for some time, though it was exceedingly difficult to understand the preacher, and the seat on the door sill was anything but comfortable.

At length, getting somewhat wearied from the position in which we were obliged to sit, and deriving but little benefit from the sermon, we retired to the graveyard, and took a seat under a shade tree beside a tomb, and spent some time there in looking over a devotional book which we happened to have with us. We then returned to the church, and resuming our seat on the door sill, found the pastor still engaged on the sermon. He, however, soon brought it to a close. A prayer which was short compared with the previous one, followed the sermon, after which a few verses were again sung from the Psalms. An intermission of half an hour was announced, and the congregation dismissed.

The people scattered into the adjacent grove, and gathering in groups, spread out and partook of their lunches, with which they seemed to be bountifully provided. Fine water, clear as crystal, dipped from the adjacent springs, served as their beverage. They evidently came prepared for the bodily exigencies of the occasion. We were without any supply in this direction, and would have gladly and thankfully partaken of the superabundance of some of the parties, had anything been offered us. Our hunger made our appetite exceedingly keen, and it required some effort to worry through the half hour, in the midst of the tempting surroundings, without making known our wants, stranger as we were.

At the close of the intermission, the congregation reassembled in the church. The exercises were opened with singing, which was followed by another long prayer. The preacher then commenced an address, which occupied about an hour. In this he endeavored to unfold the nature of the divine ordinance, and to define the qualifications of those, who should be admitted to the Lord's table, and in the same connection, described the character of those who were excluded from it. It was what is known amongst that class of religionists, as *barring* or *fencing* the Lord's table. For the first time in our life did we then hear, not only members of secret associations of every description, but also, all persons who used Watts' Psalms and Hymns, or any human

metrical composition in worship, and all members of Temperance Societies and kindred associations, prohibited from partaking of the Holy Supper.

When the address was closed, the people gathered in successive groups around the tables that were arranged in the aisles, and the elders received from the members the token, a small piece of metal with some words or device stamped on it, which had previously been given them by some member of the session, as indicating his or her right to commune. The minister, after consecrating the elements used on the occasion, handed them to the elders, who distributed them among the communicants. To each group, whilst communing, an address of ten or fifteen minutes length was delivered by the pastor. We tarried until a short time before sunset, and then returned to our friends with a keen appetite for supper, if not profited very greatly spiritually by what we had seen and heard. We were afterwards told by some one who was present, that the sun had actually set before the services were fully brought to a close. To make this picture complete, it ought to be added, that a Fast-day season immediately preceded, and a Thanksgiving service followed the occasion, each of which occupied a whole day.

Christians of the present day have not the spiritual appetite or endurance evinced by this people, as it would be impossible to hold them so long together at a single service. Whether the present taste is an advance for the better on that of these forefathers, is a question we will not discuss, but leave it to each one of our readers to decide for himself.

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM.

(From the German of Dr. Henry Müller).

Bond and yet Free.

For this I thank God. Woe be to me, if my soul were so circumscribed by this body, that it could not go further than it is borne by it, somewhat like a turtle, which cannot bestir itself beyond its shelly inclosure. But God has conferred on me such a spirit, as possesses the power of mobility within itself and that even whilst the body lies still, and which is so quick and agile in its movements, that it can pass from earth to heaven, quicker than the body can turn from one side to the other.

You complain that you are bound. Your freedom is still not taken from you. Freedom is the prerogative of the will. The will has the highest power; it forces everything, and cannot be forced. If you are indeed a Christian, you will subordinate your will to the will of God. God's will is revealed in His works. What God does, that He wills. If now it be His will, that you should be bound, that must also be your will. If it be your will, you complain in vain, that your freedom is taken from you.

Further: God daily thrusts out His angle of love, to which a worm is attached, which is called heavenly consolation. I bite at it eagerly; the worm tastes good. Only afterwards I discover I am caught, bond and yet

free. When a fish has taken proper hold, the angler allows him to swim backward and forward in the water as he will. He is caught, and yet he imagines he is free. The love of God is indeed a strong, but yet a lovely bond; it breaks the will, but does not bend it. *Deo servire libertas*, that is, To serve God in love, is the highest freedom. John vii. 31 et seq.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC MIRACLE.

The days of miracles, it would seem, if newspaper reports are to be credited, are not over. At least, such is the case, with miracles as they are claimed by Roman Catholics, to have occurred in their communion. The latest sensation of this kind, is that which relates to the alleged supernatural cure of a sister in the last stage of consumption, at Milwaukee. The following report of it is going the rounds of the secular press. If any such sudden and unexpected recovery as that alleged has taken place, none but the most credulous will believe, that a searching investigation would not trace it to natural causes, as remarkable as the case in itself may be admitted to be. We believe in the power of the prayer of faith, which may lead to a supernatural control of natural causes, so as to produce wonderful results; but the ascription of such virtue, as in the present case, to the presence of the wonderful picture, is a little too much even for more than ordinary credulity. *Ed. of Mess.*

"Rev. Father Krautbaner, Chaplain of the Convent of Notre Dame, in Milwaukee, Wis., has given the editor of the 'Catholic Vindicator' what he calls 'the facts' concerning a miracle, that was performed at the chapel of the convent on the 17th of June last, through the interposition of the Blessed Virgin in behalf of a faithful and devoted client, Miss Maria Rossmann, a native of Hanover, aged at the time over nineteen years. He says:

"Right Rev. Bishop Henni, when about to return from the late Vatican Council, purchased an exact copy, as regards size, character of painting, and material, having been painted on wood, of the miraculous picture of *Our Mother of Perpetual Succor*, preserved in the Church of St. Alphonsus of the Redemptorist Fathers, in Rome, this copy having been blessed by the Holy Father, Pius IX., and touched to the original miraculous picture itself. It arrived safely, and is now located over the Virgin's altar in the convent, and before it the miracle we are about to relate took place.

"Maria Rossmann was taken seriously ill in September, 1873, in the convent above named, being at the time a candidate. The best medical attendance the city could furnish, was engaged to treat her, all declaring her case to be pulmonary consumption. When her condition was pronounced hopeless, on the 21st of February last, the chaplain administered to her the last sacraments of holy eucharist and extreme unction; she was at that time so weak as to be unable to leave her bed, and could only be removed by the hands of others. She lingered, declining, until May 25th, when the

chaplain again administered the holy viaticum and the benediction of the Church in *articulo mortis*; then her physicians declared, that she could not survive more than twenty-four hours.

"In this condition she begged of the Sisters to carry her into the chapel, that she might pray for a little time. After much urging on her part, her supposed dying request was granted; she was taken to the chapel and there prayed before the picture aforementioned for about one quarter of an hour; she then arose, alone, walked through the convent, presenting herself before the Sisters and joyfully proclaimed herself cured. Drs. Zelowski and Flynn, her previous attendants, were notified of the change, but declined to credit the stated cure until they had ocular proof. They called and saw the young girl, when they at once pronounced the cure a miracle, and expressed themselves as ready to testify to its miraculous origin. Lest the cure might prove transient, or be only apparent and due to nervous excitement, nothing was said about the matter. The patient was sent into the country, from which she returned improved, and has continued to improve, and at present is enjoying good health and is able to perform a full share of the arduous labors of the establishment. We have seen the subject of the miracle, and are personally able to vouch for her apparently fully restored health, and we are also able to vouch for the perfect reliability of the source from which these facts are derived."

WORK.

A good part of the penalty of original transgression is expressed by the word *work*. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." The command was put into immediate execution, and has been operative, on the principle of an absolute necessity, from that day to this. Coming as a penalty, it is not strange that the nature of man should manifest a feeling of aversion to work, and seek, as far as possible, to escape it. Laziness is not a simple indifferent inertness in man's physical being, but finds its reason in a deeper ground, a shrinking from penalty, and is found in this form, to a greater or less extent, in all men, physically, mentally, and morally.

A counteracting power to this principle of moral *vis inertia* in man is the natural tendency to activity, coupled with what is universally felt to be an absolute necessity. Life itself, out of which this tendency grows, is an activity; and to preserve life, labor is imperative. To maintain idleness against these active forces, is itself felt to be a very laborious task. This is the ground of the common remark, that "idleness is itself the hardest kind of work."

Labor, besides, has its rewards in all the legitimate departments to which it is called. In no other way can our nature come to its true and full development. Thus the body is made healthy and strong. Thus the faculties of the mind are unfolded and brought to maturity. Thus the powers of the soul are developed and beautified. Labor is the general condition of man's growth; it presents him, in the way of proper

development, with himself, in all the sublime relations in which he stands to earth and heaven. Wealth, knowledge, moral character, position, power, happiness, all result from labor; whilst the idler, shrinking from the penalty, falls back at once into poverty, weakness, insignificance, and contempt.

The penalty, therefore, attached to labor may, by meeting it in the right spirit, be converted into a blessing.

We may ask here, in view of this greater force in favor of activity to that which encourages indolence, whether it is strictly true of any man, that he is lazy? We believe that it will be found true in the most of indolent cases, that their inactivity arises more from opposition to the particular kind of labor in which they are engaged, than to labor itself. They have not succeeded in finding their legitimate calling. They are in the wrong department; and being in the wrong department, they are laboring against odds, bearing an undue weight, in view of which they become discouraged and disgusted. Hence they fail of success, or of the proper reward of labor, and becoming dispirited, they fall back, or are driven back, and become idlers.

The world is full of confusion of this sort. In every condition of life, men are found to be radically out of their legitimate places, and in the places which should be occupied by others. Immense power is thus lost. This has been one of the great reasons for that aversion to labor, which has marked society so prominently in every age, and which is now seen among so large a class of our population. If each man could be put where he properly belongs, and thus linked with the enterprise for which he is fitted by his tastes and talents, there would not only be a felt general pleasure in labor, but the labor itself would be doubly successful. Christianity, as constituting the only true basis of all society, looks to the accomplishment of this idea. There can be no true order elsewhere. Society loses immensely by refusing to acknowledge this great fact. How soon, in view of the grand reward of labor or this Christian principle, would the element of penalty in it be eliminated, and toil itself, in all its forms, become a delight? Here only is the radical cure of sloth, or what is called laziness on the part of men.

Labor, to be Christian in the true sense of the word, must, besides, be connected with Christian ends. Of whatever sort it may be, it should never lose sight of God and His glory, nor of His kingdom in the world, through which His glory is promoted. These ultimate ends held continually in view, labor becomes elevated at once to a higher plane, and is made to take on a character and to carry in it a dignity which it otherwise could not have. It is not necessary, in order that his labor be Christian, that each one should participate immediately in these Christian ends, or that each one should be a minister or a missionary. The toil of the mechanic, the farmer, the merchant, the day laborer, all may be Christian, if they will only recognize God as the ultimate end of their activity in their several spheres, and then practically bring the result of their toil, in pro-

per proportion, and dedicate it to Him, upon His altar. Not to connect God with our toil in the way indicated, is to sink to the condition of the heathen, and have all labor terminate absolutely upon the world, or upon ourselves, as simply connected with the world. This is to accept labor purely as a penalty; to eliminate entirely the element of reward; to degrade it in spirit and motive, and to make theft and robbery to be its equal, if only they can attain the same worldly end.

The significance of Christianity under this practical view is not sufficiently understood. The blessings which it has for society in its "every-day clothes" are not appreciated as they deserve to be. It stands by all operators as a Divine anointer, and is ready to give a sublime moral significance to every effort of the muscle, as well as to every exertion of the mind. It offers to consecrate the whole material department over which physical toil extends, and to make not only the laborer happy, but to give, besides, a double value to the results of his toil. Not until Christianity shall be allowed to have free practical course in this way, entering the factory, spreading through stores, accompanying the farmer over his fields, and everywhere conditioning activity and adding its benediction to the results accomplished, will labor be properly understood. G.

PAY TO THE TREASURER.

It is very desirable, that all the funds intended for the Missionary cause in our Synods should at once be forwarded to the proper Treasurer. The first week in October the Board will hold its annual meeting to sum up the doings of the year and prepare its reports to the Synods. All the funds collected should then, as far as possible, be in the hands of the Treasurer at Harrisburg. Let a note of this fact be made, and corresponding action be taken. There is much money for this cause now in process of collection. Harvest and direct missionary collections are being taken. Other funds have been collected and await forwarding. But the other day, we met two of our most active and efficient ministers, and upon calling their attention to the necessity of enabling our Board to pay its missionaries their arrears, the one said he had about forty-five, and the other about seventy-five dollars ready to send. Both were expecting to collect some more, as we understood them, and then forward the whole sum. We told them to send now what they had; but not fail to gather the balance, and send that afterward. Doubtless other brethren have matters in the same shape. In this way much money is standing out in smaller and larger sums, which, if paid in at Harrisburg, would greatly help the missionaries. And at this point, we would also add a word to the Treasurers of the different Classes. Let them likewise send whatever sums they have on hand, and not wait for the accumulation of a large amount. Let them make their accounts assquare as they can for the meetings of the Synods. Now is the time.

F. K. L.

ANOTHER LOSS IN THE MINISTRY.

We see it announced in the daily papers, that the Rev. J. S. Foulk, recently pastor in Carlisle, Pa., has made up his mind to leave the Reformed Church and connect with the Presbyterian. The reason why this change is being made has not as yet been developed. In the Reformed Church, extending over a period of some twenty or twenty-five years, he has been an active and laborious pastor, and was, as one would suppose, sufficiently successful to cause him to feel comfortable and at home in the Church of his early choice. He was our immediate predecessor, having served the people among whom we now labor for some thirteen years. Their attachment to him and his family has been constant and faithful.

We are sorry to separate, thus suddenly, from our genial "Yoke Fellow," but as he has made up his mind to leave us—having been induced thereto, no doubt, by an honorable feeling, hoping perhaps to find a wider field of usefulness in the Church to which he is going, we can only commend him, with the kindest feelings, to the brethren in Christ among whom he may cast his lot, hoping that his expectations, so far as these are based on proper humility and true Christian zeal, may be fully realized. G.

For the Reformed Church Messenger.

WHAT PROCURES THE LOVE OF GOD?

I have just read an article in the department of "Theology and Criticism," in the *Messenger* of September 2d, entitled, "Does Repentance Procure the Love of God?" The article presumes to be a defence of a quotation from *Tract No. 3*. While this defence contains much truth in an underground manner, it fails almost entirely in bringing any to the pure sunlight of Scriptural thinking. It unqualifiedly makes repentance and confession synonymous with the meritorious, Roman idea of good works. It so magnifies the objective love of God exercised towards the sinner, and finds little virtue in personal repentance, that the position can only be consistently held by *Western Universalists*.

Let us look at the position. The quotation from the *Tract*, calls us to consider what a parent ought to teach a baptized, yet a sinful, or even disobedient child. Would it be correct for that parent to say: "My child, you are disobeying God, your heavenly Father; you have His unbounded love as shown in His giving His Son Jesus Christ, to save you from death. Your obedience cannot change that love, yet you ought to love Him, because He loves you."

Would it not be more correct, and more Scriptural to say: "My child, I gave you to God, your heavenly Father, in baptism. I promised before the altar, at your baptism, to train you up to love and fear God. You are a child of God's family as well as my family. God loves you as I love you, because you are my child; but now if you will not love and obey God, He will not love you, even as I cannot love you, if you refuse to love and obey me."

This would, in my estimation, be more correct. It would not leave out of view God's love for all His children, and it would also give proper importance to repentance and faith. And it would certainly be more Scriptural. "God is angry with the wicked every day." Ps. vii. 11. Now if God is angry with the wicked in general, He is even more displeased with those who belong to the covenant of grace by baptism, and yet walk with the ungodly. A child is unable to view the objective relation established in its baptism, and hence that relation can best be forcibly presented, and correctly too, by telling the child, that the kind heavenly Father loves a loving child, and is displeased with a disobedient one. To say that God does not love baptized children until they repent is both false and true. It is false that God does not love His children with a yearning love for their eternal happiness and His glory, but it is also true, that His love does not reach His disobedient children, and never will so long as they remain in a state of rebellion. Therefore so far as the personal appropriation of God's love is concerned, it is contingent upon repentance and faith.

This must be true, or, *unconditional election* is true. I think it best to teach children, first, principles of correct habits, correct choice, and upon this training, correct thinking and feeling will be comparatively easily taught. A child is taught to pray, be kind and cheerful, obedient, without knowing the merit in such matters; but when thinking elevates the child, then it will grasp the higher elements in these habits. It is said by some, that a child can be more easily affected by dwelling on the tender love of God. On tender natures the love of God has a tender effect, but upon such natures, the idea of offending God has an equally tender effect.

The article in question, may be called the extreme opposite of the old *threatening thunder of Sinai and hell-fire* system of presenting the plan of salvation. The correct view here—as in most questions—lies in doing justice to both sides, viz.: God's love, as the ever inexhaustible fountain of salvation, full and free, and man's repentance and faith as necessary to appropriate that salvation. J. B. S.

Wilton, Iowa, Sep. 4th, '74.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "MESSENGER."

A *Linen Wedding—Surprising and Brilliant—Ladies Can Keep a Secret—First Surprise—A Greater Surprise—The Bridal Bouquet—Music—The Substantial Part—All Departed Well Pleased.*

YORK, PA., Sept. 4, 1874.

On Monday evening, the 31st ultimo, at the parsonage of the Rev. J. O. Miller, D. D., in this town, was celebrated the linen wedding of that gentleman and his estimable lady, in a style as unusual and surprising, as its success was brilliant and gratifying. The occasion of its celebration was unknown to Mrs. Miller, and not until the arrival of friends with packages and bundles of linen—useful as well as ornamental—did she have the remotest idea of the succession and extent of the sur-

prises in store for her; and instead of enjoying the pleasure of entertaining them, the reverend gentleman and his lady received a most hospitable and bounteous entertainment at their hands, as the sequel will show.

Ladies Can Keep a Secret.

The lady members of the congregation of Trinity Reformed Church, who constituted the Committee of Arrangements of this linen wedding, and who worked it to such a successful issue, deserve all praise for their tact and efficiency; and, moreover, they have exemplified the fact, that those belonging to this congregation can keep a secret, if it is deemed policy to do so, the trite saying respecting the fair sex, to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Miller, however, was partially in their secret.

The First Surprise.

During the day, Mrs. M. made the remark, that it seemed to her as if no one thought of the fact, that this day was the twentieth anniversary of their marriage; but the mention of some pleasant incident of by-gone days was deemed more expedient, than a direct reply either negatively or affirmatively. But as twilight was shading into night, Mr. Miller asked her to play some favorite piece on the piano, recalling some pleasant memory of the past. Soon after she was joined by her daughter, and having played a *duett*, Mr. Miller arose and threw open the folding door. Imagine her surprise, when she beheld for the first time, in the back parlor, suspended from the gas burner, a beautiful Card in characters of "Old English," presented by an esteemed friend of the family, residing in the city of Harrisburg:

"OUR TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY" enclosed in a wooden frame elegantly beautified with ivy; and underneath it, on a table, lay gifts of elegant linen, the compliments of the children to their beloved parents. Not suspecting anything of the kind, this was indeed a very pleasant surprise to her. She remarked: "We have not been forgotten after all." This was a family arrangement, and was but a prelude of

A Greater Surprise,

soon to come upon her. Scarcely had this estimable lady recovered from this unexpected pleasure, when a pull at the bell announced some visitors—perhaps some who came to spend a few moments in social converse—the door was opened and a platoon of ladies and gentlemen walked in, with packages and bundles of linen as gifts to their esteemed pastor and his good lady, and offered their warmest congratulations to them on this happy occasion of the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. This advance column was followed at momentary intervals by other friends and members of the congregation, until the large parlor and hall were filled.

Agreeably to arrangement, while this was going on in the parlor, a number of the friends made a flank move on the kitchen, with an immense train of the choicest cakes, stands of ice cream, quantities of fruit and other delicacies. The large extension table in the dining-room was soon groaning under the burden of these luxuries, arranged in the most tasteful and artistic manner. At this stage, a committee of ladies

informed Mr. and Mrs. Miller, that their presence was desired in the dining-room. If that which your correspondent has detailed to you already was a matter of surprise, place yourself in the good lady's position for a moment and you can imagine, to some extent, her astonishment. It was indeed one of those occasions when words of the mouth prove inadequate to express the emotions of the heart—when silence becomes eloquence.

This entertainment was heartily appreciated by all. The dining-room was filled again and again, in turn by their friends, and all did ample justice to the splendid repast prepared for the occasion. Half of the quantities remained unconsumed.

The Bridal Bouquet, made wholly of white rose buds and a lily in the centre, was an object of great admiration, and reflected credit upon the lady who made it and presented it to Mrs. Miller, for its artistic arrangement and appropriateness for the occasion.

Music, both vocal and instrumental, was an interesting feature of this celebration. The girls present belonging to the Juvenile Choir of Trinity Reformed Church favored the audience with several pieces. Miss Mary Miller, the esteemed pastor's daughter, Miss Addie V. Small, Miss Irene Laucks and other ladies, severally played on the piano with splendid effect.

The Quartette Choir of the congregation also favored the large assembly with pieces of choice music; and at the request of many, rendered *Auld Lang Syne*. Miss Annie Small presided at the piano—her sister, Addie V.—the M^{me} Nillson of York, sang soprano; Professor Gipe, tenor, and Mr. Van Baman, base. There was none present that did not hear new beauties in this old piece as rendered by this Quartette.

The Substantial Part of this celebration consists of linen goods amply sufficient to start a wholesale and retail linen store; and linen checks and greenbacks in envelopes to open a creditable account in bank.

By eleven o'clock all had departed well pleased with the celebration and festivities of Mr. and Mrs. Miller's Linen Wedding. W.

INSTALLATION AND COMMUNION SERVICE.

At a special meeting of Mercersburg Classis, held at Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., October 26th, the pastoral relation between Rev. A. C. Geary and the St. Clairsville charge was dissolved, also a call to him from the Martinsburg charge was confirmed, and a committee appointed to install him.

The installation took place in the Martinsburg congregation, on Saturday, September 5th. After a sermon by the Rev. A. C. Whitmer, on the duties of minister and people, the installation service was read by Rev. John H. Sykes, the former pastor of the charge. Also Rev. E. D. Shoemaker was present, as a member of the committee, and took part in the service.

The charge now again has good prospects of growth and prosperity.

May God grant abundant answer to our prayers in its behalf.

On Saturday evening Preparatory service was held, and on Sunday morning the Lord's Supper was celebrated. A number of members of the two other congregations were present, showing interest and mutual good feeling in the charge.

A. C. W.

CHURCH ITEM.

Philadelphia.—The Rev. J. Roeck was installed as pastor of the St. Paul's congregation in this city, on Sunday, the 6th of September, by a committee of the German Philadelphia Classis. Rev. C. Keller preached the sermon, and the Rev. Dr. J. G. Wiehle addressed the pastor and people and proposed the Constitutional questions. The Rev. Jacob Dahlman also participated in the services. Mr. Roeck commences his labors as pastor of the congregation under encouraging circumstances. During his previous labors as supply, his people have learned to know him and appreciate his services.

For the Reformed Church Messenger.

PERSONAL EFFORT.

Every Christian, though not standing and working alone, but in union and in company with others, has his or her particular duties to discharge. There may be many workmen engaged in erecting a building, and each have his special work to perform. There are a variety of gifts distributed among Christians, as there are talents among working-men. Each one should improve his peculiar gifts and capacities, and apply them to the work for which they are adapted. Our reward in heaven will be in proportion to the humble faithfulness, with which we have done the part of the work which had been assigned to us. And a good conscience is the reward of such while they are at it.

Let us all work, and begin at once. Let us watch over our thoughts and feelings, our desires and passions, and hold them in subjection. Let us guard our lips and avoid speaking in a tone and manner offensive to others. And let us strictly avoid all actions which a good conscience cannot approve. If we do these things, we are doing a good and a great work, and we will be surprised how easy the rest will be. You may move in the humble walks of life, and may not distinguish yourself for anything extraordinary in the eyes of the world. Let not that trouble you; for those who aspire after those things are filled with vanity, and not with the Spirit of Christ. They only think of themselves and how they may gain their own selfish ends. They are smooth-tongued to deceive, and spout words of gall and bitterness against those who oppose and thwart them in their ambitious designs. They are capable of anything, if by deception, lying and slander they can gain their object, or revenge themselves on those who stand in the way of reaching it. If you wish to remain uncontaminated by this unlovely spirit, then be satisfied to remain a humble and unpretentious Christian. If a good conscience, peace of mind, and the hope of heaven are dear and precious to you, then do your allotted work in the spirit of Christian self-

denial and humility. No one can deprive you of the true nobility that attaches to the meek and pure of heart. Work and pray in this spirit steadily and perseveringly, whatever position in life you may fill, and you will live and work for some purpose that will tell in the final result, beyond anything you may live to see in the present life. * *

Miscellaneous.

FAMILY RELIGION.

The family lies at the foundation of both church and state. If family religion thrive, there will be prosperity in the church and permanent reformation in the nation. Family religion consists in three things: *Family devotion, family government and family instruction*. Neglect of any one of these may render attention to the others unprofitable. This truth should be duly weighed. It explains the cause of barrenness where much fruit was expected. Family devotion consists in three things:

1. In the personal piety of the head of the household, the husband, wife, or the surviving head, if a breach has been made. This is essential. If even the forms of devotion are observed, there must be piety in the head. If the father have no real care for his own soul, he will not be anxious about the souls of his family. If he do not realize the need, and estimate the privilege of drawing nigh to God, the service will degenerate into a lifeless form, and the lawful cares and duties of life will interfere and set it aside. It is necessary to the success of the work. The father teaches by example more powerfully than by precept. If he be destitute of piety, he will have little influence for good with those who are the constant witnesses of his conduct. Joshua sets this matter in a clear light. He places the personal covenant at the foundation. "As for me, I will serve the Lord." Though all men should forsake Him, and forsake me, yet I will stand by the covenant, "I will serve the Lord." This should be an important question in forming the family relation. What is to be the character of the family which I am about to form? Shall God be honored, or shall His ordinance be despised and neglected?

2. A religious profession. Secret devotion is first in the list of religious duties. "Enter into thy closet." Every family and every member of the family should have a place for secret devotion. Experience teaches that our greatest advance in Christian life is by the exercises of the closet. If we are negligent or formal here, we will be feeble in all other duties. Nearly all the effectual prayers recorded were secret prayers. This is manifest in the case of Jacob, Hannah, David, Hezekiah, Paul, and the scene in Gethsemane. Notwithstanding this, family religion has public and social duties, which cannot be neglected. If we are on the side of Christ, we should make it known. A profession is necessary. (Mark viii, 38) There should be membership in the Christian church and a corresponding practice. "Zacharias and Elizabeth walked in all the commandments blameless." Joshua is again an illustration: "As for

me and my house, we will serve the Lord." He was a public man, a man laden with national care and responsibility, yet his highest honor is to avouch the Lord to be his God, and before all the people he professes that he is as much under obligation to perform family duties as the humblest in the nation. If there be no profession of religion by the head of the household, no attendance upon sealing ordinances, or if the profession be not sustained by a consistent practice, family devotion will be neither fervent nor profitable.

3. The daily performance of family worship. This is the great family ordinance. The father assembles his household morning and evening to worship God; all unite in singing the praises of the God of Israel, their own God, in the sweet songs of inspiration; all unite in reading His word, that they may receive wisdom, comfort, direction and strength for every duty and trial; and encourage to draw near to God, the father, as the mouth of the household, confesses family sins, makes thankful acknowledgment of blessings received, rolls his burden of family cares on Him, who is the hearer of prayer, and earnestly pleads for new covenant mercies which they need. This is the crowning excellency of family devotion. It has been highly esteemed and honored by the godly in all generations. Here we follow the footsteps of the flock. Adam, Noah, Abraham, Job, David, Joshua, and Daniel are examples. And the awful imprecation of Jeremiah x. 28, "Pour out thy fury on the families that call not on thy name," shows the aggravated character of the sin of neglect. Indeed, this devotional exercise has been considered so important by the church, that in times of reformation the neglect of family worship would have been considered a practical renunciation of Christianity.—*Reformed Presbyterian*.

THE DOCTOR'S DRIVE.

A TALE OF PROVIDENCE.

Some thirty years ago, there lived on the seaboard of one of our eastern counties a surgeon in extensive practice; to whom, borrowing some letters from my own, I shall give the name of Mr. Gray. Of the old school, and living before the introduction of the present plan, by which one sum is set down for 'medicines and attendance,' it was his wont to render his accounts with the particulars all set down to their proper dates; so that the patient might see, if he cared to make the reckoning, how much was due to the physic taken by himself, and how much to the journeys taken by the doctor. Nor would many of the patients be disposed to carp at the word so frequently appearing in their documents. They knew that Dr. Gray's daily average of miles travelled was not much under forty; and that a drive of some six miles to the waterside, followed by a row across a ferry, and that succeeded in its turn by a walk of a mile or more on the other side, could scarcely be termed a pleasure trip in all weathers and at all hours. This was no unusual affair, and it was on one of these occasions that the event occurred, on which I rest my right of coupling together the two titles that stand at the head of this narrative.

Late one evening came a summons

to the sick-bed, and immediately the surgeon ordered his horse to be saddled for the journey. However, in a few moments the groom appeared with the news "You can't ride to-night, sir, the horse is lame." So it turned out to be. No injury could be detected in any part, neither could anything be heard of as having happened to the animal in the course of the day (he was well and sound in the morning); but the fact was clear; riding was out of the question, and the horse "dead lame."

This ascertained, an order was given for another horse to be harnessed in the gig, and for the groom to bear his master company. Now the gig was at the wheelwright's, patiently waiting for repairs at the hands of a man, whose performances did not always keep pace with his promises. The springs had failed, and allowed the body to settle down some five or six inches below its proper level, rendering the whole thing far from sightly in appearance, and by no means increasing the comfort and safety of the riders. It was night, however, and nothing would be noticed. So while Mr. Gray was making ready such things as he considered would be useful, the groom was despatched to the wheelwright's yard for the chaise. Nothing unusual occurred on the "voyage out."

The illness was not found to be very serious; there was no occasion for the "potent drug, or keenly cutting knife," and after a short delay the travellers resumed their seats, "homeward bound." Again nothing occurred for the first three miles. All nature was "hushed in the darkness of the night," when all at once, in the middle of a narrow lane, with trees on each side, master and man might have been heard, had there been any folk within earshot, to exclaim together, "I've lost my hat!" A sudden pull up was the result, and a few moments were enough to show Mr. Gray how the matter was. Tightly stretched across the road was a stout cart-rope, at once revealing the whole scheme, and conveying the feeling that there had been but a narrow escape from murder in the gig. Mr. Gray's plans were immediately determined. Opening his penknife—for he was accustomed to say that "he knew where to put it," and considered it a match for any weapon but a gun; indeed he carried no other weapon throughout the thirty-five years that he was in practice, and travelled those roads—he proceeded to search the ditches both ways for the villain, whom he judged to be not far away. The search was without effect, and after climbing both trees, and untying the rope, which he carried home, Mr. Gray at last yielded to the entreaties of the groom, who had hardly ceased to call out "Never mind the hats, sir; pray drive home." Another mile brought them to the village, and the parish constable was at once roused from his bed and informed of what had happened. Mr. Marsh was a most excellent baker; but his experience as a detective policeman was not extensive, and after hearing all particulars, he confessed himself quite unable to make any suggestion. But the doctor's thoughts had not been idle, and he requested the constable to arrest the first man who came by in the same direction. To this Mr. Marsh demurred strongly; and it was only after repeated assurances that he should be held harmless of all consequences, that he fell

in with the plan and the three took up their watch. It was true there was another road besides the one leading to the water; but the doctor shrewdly guessed that the would-be murderer, baffled in his enterprise, would most likely take the direct way to the market-town (where he himself resided). In a few hours inquiries would be made, and he could more easily escape notice there than in any of the villages, where every man knew all the rest.

So they waited on, some hours or more, when at length footsteps were heard, and a man dressed as a laborer came by. Him the constable arrested, and disregarding his threats of vengeance, drew him into the house; where, on removing his hat, there fell on the table a bundle of linen, which set the doctor's mind at rest. Mr. Gray was accustomed to speak of the midnight watch in the constable's house as attended with reflections of no pleasant character. What if the wrong man should be arrested? How if the injured party should take proceedings in consequence? Loss of money there would certainly be, in the shape of damages awarded by a jury; while probably to this would be added loss of reputation, carrying with it loss of practice. But the bundle from the hat set all these thoughts at rest, and called forth the exclamation "All right, Marsh; we have him for felony, if not for murder": for his quick eye had noticed a peculiar stain, and in a moment he recognized the linen as a night-dress belonging to a patient in the village beyond, the stain being caused by a lotion supplied by himself for an affection of the throat. This gave the constable courage, and he at once proceeded to complete the searching of his prisoner. The property found was of no great value; a few half-pence and a little tobacco were not treasonable matters; but a jagged razor, and a heavy bludgeon, newly cut, could not be misunderstood.

Mr. Marsh was now thoroughly alive to the nature of the case, and on the departure of the doctor took an original and effective method of securing his man. The "cage" was out of repair, and could not be trusted with the care of such a villain, who might have in the neighborhood some accomplice as desperate as himself; so the constable handcuffed the prisoner to his kitchen grate, and sat up the rest of the night to keep guard over him.

Morning came, and with it the investigation before the magistrates, when all was speedily and clearly explained. The culprit had crawled up a cross-ditch, overlooked by Mr. Gray in the darkness of the preceding night, and the traces left were of the plainest. The man's boots had been recently mended in a very peculiar manner, and the impressions tallied exactly. The rope was identified by a farmer's man who had lost it, and had seen the prisoner about the premises the same day.

In short, the chain of evidence was complete, and at the next Assizes a verdict of "Guilty of the attempt to murder" was returned by the jury. Robert French, as he gave his name, was accordingly sentenced to transportation for life, and at once confessed the justice of the punishment and the nature of his crime. He had tied the rope for the collector of taxes, who was to pass that way with the money of the district; but tired of waiting, he had supposed that the official had altered his plan, and he

had begun to undo the rope. All at once wheels were heard, when up went the rope again; the doctor came along, and it fell out as we have seen.

And now for the tale of Providence. Had Mr. Gray been riding, he must have been thrown backward from his horse; had the gig been in good repair, then the five inches of height would have made all the difference; instead of the rap on the forehead and the loss of the hat, it would have been for others to tell how the travellers were caught under the chin, and flung senseless to the ground; while in either case the razor and bludgeon would have soon completed the business.

But the strangest part is still to be told. On the following morning the veterinary surgeon was called in to attend the horse. He could see no trace of injury, and on leading the animal from the stable he pronounced the lameness to have disappeared completely; so the doctor at once resumed his riding, consigning once more the gig to the hands of Mr. Freeman. No wonder, then, that he should speak of Providence in the matter, and when relating the story to eager ears, show how he owed his life to the strange combination of the neglect of a coach-builder and the lameness for a few hours only, of his horse. Deep, too, was the impression made in the whole neighborhood, as the tale flew from place to place. Little excursions would be made to the trees, on which the constable had cut a conspicuous mark; and the country lads, as they drove their horses along the lane, would be heard to remark, "That's where the rope was tied."

But now a generation has passed away, and with it the whole of the actors in this scene of real life. The very trees have perished too. They could not be found when the writer, five years ago, visited the well remembered spot. There was the ditch wherein the man lay hid, afraid to face the surgeon and his penknife; but the two trees, with others on each side of the road had vanished from their places.

It was reported that the convict ship was lost in the passage out, and the threats of Robert French, as he passed the house, "committed for trial," that he would be even with the doctor yet, passed away idly; except that death has laid his hand on the two witnesses in the case; for the doctor and his groom both sleep in the old churchyard of the little market town.

Over the latter is inscribed as follows:

If for worth only pyramids were reared,
This simple stone colossal had appeared;
But it may serve as well as mightier can,
To mark the spot where rests an honest man.

Far humbler is the doctor's headstone. Successful in life, reaching the highest honors of his profession, retiring from practice alike beloved and regretted, he still continued a simple-minded man; the same firm believer in the overwatching, overruling Providence that brought him safely through the dangers of that eventful night; and in a couplet of his own composing informs the passer-by—

I rest in the hope which the gospel supplies,
Until the day dawn and the day-star arise.

—People's Magazine.

Don't be afraid of the storm of time, knowing that God holds the moral as well as the physical ocean in His hand.

CURIOUS CLIMATE.

The tract of country known as the Slate Range Valley is probably one of the most curious that Southern California can boast of. It is there the immense deposits of borax were discovered, something like a year ago, and at that time the whole lower or central part of the basin was covered with a white deposit, breaking away in some places in large soda reefs, in others resembling the waves of the ocean, and in still others stretching out for miles in one unbroken level, from which the sun reflected its rays with a glare almost unendurable. But one of the most singular features in connection with this section was the absence of rain or moisture. The days were ever sunny and hot, the nights without dew and generally warm. For more than five years, it is said by those who claim to know, there had been no rain there, until some three months since when the spell was broken. Suddenly and with scarcely any warning rain commenced to fall, and for thirty hours it came down steadily and unceasingly—unaccompanied by winds, but yet a thorough drenching rain. For two or three days it remained pleasant, when suddenly a water spout was seen winding its way through the valley. It came in a zigzag course across the upper end of the lake, striking the range of hills on the east side and coursing rapidly along them. The canons and gorges were soon filled with water, which poured from them in fearful volume and spread itself out upon the bottom. In a short time it was over, and the denizens of the place now look for another dry season of five years.—*Los Angeles Express.*

Editor's Table.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE NEW SONG, *Consisting of Very Choice Notes of Redemption, embracing New Original, and also Selected Songs, Appropriate for Prayer and Revival Meetings.* Classified and Arranged by Rev. Aaron Coons. New York: For sale by Rev. Aaron Coons, Publisher, Purdy Station, Nelson & Phillips, Methodist Publishing House, 805 Broadway, and Booksellers generally. 1874. Pp. 265. Price 50 cents per copy, \$45 per hundred copies.

Quite a number of works, in the interest of spiritual song, have recently been issued from the press. Among these is to be classed the one, whose title in full is given above. We have looked over it with some care, and as far as our limited knowledge of the principles of music enable us to form a correct judgment, we should think the work is well adapted to the end for which it has been especially prepared. Those, whose tastes make songs of the lively cast peculiar to camp-meetings and popular revival scenes, a favorite with them, will here find much to please and gratify them. It is, we believe, better adapted to the particular object to which it is devoted, than any other similar work with which we are acquainted. It is gotten up in neat style, and in a form very convenient for handling.

CATECHISMUS-LEHREN, für Erwachsene, zur Ehre Gottes und Erbauung seiner Beichtkinder, sowie zur Haus-Andacht. Sammt einem Gebetbüchlein für Reisende. Herausgegeben von Johann Friederich Stark, Evangelischem Prediger zu Frankfurt am Main, 1733. Auf's Neue in Amerika herausgegeben von Ig. Kohler, No. 202 Nord Vierte Strasse, Philadelphia. 1874. Pp. 196. Price, 75 cents.

The title of this work indicates its nature and design. It is an enlargement upon Luther's smaller catechism, and accordingly partakes more or less of the nature of a running commentary upon its contents. The author is well known for his marked piety and the valuable devotional works he has furnished to German Christendom, which to this day are circulated as far as the German language extends. There is also much of the devotional element incorporated in the present work. Being based upon Luther's Catechism and written when Lutheran doctrine was yet unadulterated, it is true to the standards of the Lutheran Church. The publisher, in issuing this work in the neat and convenient form in which it has been gotten up, has rendered an important service to German Lutheranism in this country, and we doubt not his services in this interest will be duly appreciated.

Agricultural.

THISTLE CROP.

One fine morning in spring, Farmer Jackson, who is no very early riser, tumbled himself out of bed, tumbled on his clothes, tumbled down to his breakfast-table, tumbled his breakfast down his throat, and then tumbled out upon his farm. We say "tumbled" to all this, because the word fairly describes Farmer Jackson's general lazy manner of doing everything he was obliged to do or took into his head to do. If he went to market he tumbled on to his horse's back, tumbled into the market room when he reached the end of his journey, tumbled on his horse late at night, and, we must add, sometimes tumbled off before reaching home again.

On this day, when he was fairly out upon his land, he was met by a neighbor.

"You have got a nice crop coming on, Jackson," said he.

Mr. Jackson (looking about him, and seeing nothing in particular.)—A nice crop, neighbor, what do you mean?

Neighbor (pointing with his stick to a clump of young thistles growing between the rows of wheat.)—These things, I mean.

Mr. Jackson.—Oh! ah! thistles: I see.

Neighbor.—And I see too. Why, Jackson, you must have been sowing thistle seed, I should think.

Mr. Jackson.—No, I haven't. I am not such a fool, either. But if the things will grow, who is to hinder them?

Neighbor.—You and I may do something to hinder them. They come from seed don't they?

Mr. Jackson.—Seed! well, of course they do.

Neighbor.—Do you remember my telling you last autumn how it would be when—

Mr. Jackson (impatiently.)—Pooh, pooh! It was too late then: the seeds were all blowing about. It could not be helped.

Neighbor.—It might have been hindered, though, if you had had the thistles rooted up before they came to seed. Don't you see that, Jackson?

Mr. Jackson.—What's the use of telling me that now?

Neighbor.—Well, just to give you a hint. All these thistle plants will seed by and by.

Mr. Jackson (more impatiently.)—There's no harm in them now, at any rate.

Neighbor.—Pardon me. There is a little harm now, for they draw away the strength of the soil from your wheat.

Mr. Jackson.—And if they do, that's my lookout!

Neighbor.—Not entirely, I think. At any rate, it would be a kindness, and a duty too, to your neighbors, to set a man—

Mr. Jackson (in wrath.)—I don't want to be told my duty, neighbor!

And so the thistles grew and grew, flowered and seeded: and the consequence was, that for more years than we can tell (for the end is not yet) not only Mr. Jackson's land, but that of all his neighbors on every side of him, has been plagued with thistles.

Are anything like thistles growing in your heart? Will you seek for grace that you may pull them out before the crop grows large, and spreads more widely?

JOHN JOHNSON'S FARM.

The *Country Gentleman* has an account of a recent visit to the venerable John Johnson, of Geneva, N. Y., from which we make some extracts, chiefly on account of the testimony in regard to the prime importance of manuring.

Mr. Johnson came to Geneva from south-west Scotland, fifty-two years ago, with but little capital, comparatively, but having much of the economy, energy and thrift necessary to enable any one to succeed in a comparatively new country. He is now, at the age of eighty-four, a hearty vigorous farmer, able to oversee his farm and farm hands, and apparently as capable of directing and conducting all the operations necessary to make a farm pay, as at any time during his long life; and seems to enjoy the competence he has secured, in a remarkable degree.

On being asked wherein lay the secret of his success, he replied, "Manure, sir, manure and plenty of it." The one main object in his farming has always been to make all the barnyard manure possible. He said that when he first went upon his farm his means were limited, and he was obliged to borrow money.

In order that capitalists should be willing to lend him the money needed from time to time, he was compelled to raise large crops of wheat, which was then the staple crop in Western New York. By bringing the average yield of the farm up from twelve to fifteen bushels per acre to thirty, and never allowing a crop to fail for want of care, cultivation or manure, he became celebrated as a farmer that would be sure to have a crop of grain sufficient to meet all obligations; and moneyed men were willing to lend him all he needed.

After some years he purchased fifty acres adjoining his original farm, the owner of which said that manure would do no good on his land. In the barnyard there were three years' manure accumulated, which Mr. Johnson obtained with the farm. He paid \$1,500 for the fifty acres, the most of which he borrowed; but, said he, "that manure paid every cent for the farm."

He always raised large quantities of corn—sometimes fourteen or fifteen hundred bushels in a single season—never selling a bushel of it, except in the shape of mutton or beef. The principal means used in the production of manure on this farm has been the feeding of sheep for mutton. He has often fed nine hundred or a thousand sheep in a single winter, buying in the fall and selling when well fattened. In addition to the grain used, he has always fed considerable oil-meal, solely to increase the value of the manure, although he obtained the value of the meal in increase of flesh on the sheep, thus getting back double pay for his investment.

Mr. Johnson considers sheep manure much more valuable than any other farmyard manure. As an instance of the lasting value of this manure, Mr. Johnson showed us a spot in a wheat field where he had wintered a flock of sheep in a yard around a hay stack fifty-one years ago. Although not manured since, the wheat is thicker and larger where this yard was located than in any other portion of the field, which had been well manured. From long continued and thorough comparative trial he has found that the application of barnyard manure gives the greatest returns when applied on the surface.

In addition to heavy manuring, he has been obliged to underdrain his whole farm, but our readers are mostly familiar with his remarkable success in draining. It will suffice to say, that in this respect his example has done more than that of any other man to increase the positive value of the farms in that section of the country, and more or less all over the United States.

Married.

Near Marklesburg, Huntingdon Co., Pa., Aug. 27th, 1874, by Rev. John H. Sykes, Mr. George T. Wallace to Miss Lucy B. Summers.

In Martinsburg, Blair Co., Pa., Sept. 1st, 1874, by the same, Mr. G. K. Wright to Miss Clara Nicodemus.

Same place, by the same, Aug. 24th, 1873, Mr. Emanuel B. Acker to Miss Julia Ann Garner.

September 8th, 1874, at the residence of Mr. Samuel Groff, by the Rev. Benj. C. Suesserott Rev. Jonathan Pannebecker, of Elizabethtown, Pa., to Miss Linnie Groff, of Lancaster, Pa.

Summary.

A firm in Richmond, Va., has a contract to supply \$8,000,000 worth of tobacco for France, and another firm is to furnish \$6,000,000 worth for Austria.

John Kessler, the great huckleberry man of Lehigh, says he has

shipped 630 bushels of huckleberries this season, and would have shipped more, only he had no place to ship them to.

The wants of a great city. New York requires annually 600,000 head of cattle, 800,000 sheep, 1,000,000 hogs, 2,000,000 barrels of flour, and 800,000 barrels of corn and rye, with milk, fish, fruit, vegetables and groceries to correspond.

In accordance with a new regulation, all schoolmasters in Bavaria are to add to the statistical tables, already required from them in their official reports, notifications as to the color of the eyes, hair and skin of the children in their schools. From the earliest of these reports, as given by a schoolmaster of Anspach, it would appear that among 1,500 children, there were about an equal number of grey, blue and black-eyed individuals, while in regard to complexion, the percentage was about eighty light to twenty dark skins.

Saturday, the 12th inst, being the anniversary of the battle of North Point, was duly celebrated in Baltimore.

Governor Dix, of New York, was reported on the 12th inst, to be seriously ill, through having been poisoned by wild ivy.

Columbia Comnenus, a girl 17 years old, said to be a descendant of the Byzantine Emperors, recently took a degree at a French College.

The Battery sea wall, at the southern point of Manhattan Island, is reported to be crumbling away. It was built during the Tweed regime.

During the present season, up to the 3d inst, there have been 546,896 tons of iron ore, and 32,432 tons of pig iron shipped from the Lake Superior iron district.

A citizen of Charleston is stated to have raised a curious variety of rice. It has the stalk, the blades and the cob of the ordinary corn, but the cob is covered with grains of rice. The seed was obtained from Georgia, where a pond, which had been planted in rice for years was drained and planted in corn, the result being a crop of the hybrid rice above described.

Mr. Joseph Milmore, of Boston, has the contract for the soldiers' monument in York. The work will cost \$35,000.

It has just been discovered that \$60,000 were paid for work at the Pittsburgh reservoir which was not done.

Butler, Clarion, Venango and Warren produce thirty thousand barrels of oil daily, and one hundred and forty-two new wells are being drilled.

The Allentown Iron Company have stored 15,000 tons of pig iron, the Lehigh Valley 3,000, the Lehigh 5,600, and the Roberts from 6,000 to 8,000.

Probably the largest amount of steel rails yet sent from the Pennsylvania Steel Works, in a single week, since the erection of the works, was shipped from that point last week; 1,150 tons were loaded on cars and boats.

On the 1st of next month that portion of the West Branch and Susquehanna canal, above Lock Haven, Pa., and that portion of the Juniata,

above Petersburg, Pa., will be abandoned. Boatmen have been notified to have their boats out of that portion of the canal by that time.

Prof. Taylor, microscopist of the Agricultural Department, who recently visited New Jersey to investigate the cranberry rot, has made suggestions as to the preparation of the soil and other matters, and believes that the rot can be driven out and wholly prevented hereafter.

Jas. K. Shreere, who resides in Jersey City, and is employed as an engineer on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, made a wager of \$50, that he could jump from a train while it was running at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and land on his feet without falling. He performed the feat successfully and won the money.

A petrified ring dove has been found in Reading, and the *Times* describes it thus: "The form of the body, head and neck are well preserved. The place where the eyes were can even be noted. It is in a sitting posture, half reclining on the right side, much compressed in the middle of the body, and the head turned to one side. The ring round its neck is plainly discernible, and there can be no mistaking it."

Mr. Frederick D. Parcels, of Bay Ridge, L. I., and his wife Josephine, have separately begun proceedings against the Erie Railroad Company, one of whose conductors forcibly ejected them while traveling from New York to Hackensack. The conductor charged them with using cancelled tickets. Mr. Parcels protested his innocence of any fraud, and offered, but to no purpose, to pay his fare again.

The Pottsville *Journal* says on Saturday last a powder mill at Baker's Station, near Herndon, was blown up by the explosion of a quantity of powder, and a man, named Harry Dornsife so badly burned, that he died yesterday. Dornsife saw a dust begin to fly, and at once ran out of the mill. He had not more than got outside when the explosion occurred. The sides of the mill were driven out. Dornsife's clothing took fire, and he was fatally burned.

A wonderful piece of mechanism has recently been produced in Europe by F. Schroeder, an Amsterdam jeweler. It is called the "Great Mechanical City," and is twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide. There are houses, castles, churches, and stores in it, just as they appear in almost any European city. People walk and ride about. Horses and wagons and railway cars pass through the streets. Boats pass up and down the river, while some are loading and others unloading at the docks. Mills are in motion. A fountain plays in the public park, and a band of music fills the air with melody. There are also forts with soldiers parading about them, blacksmith shops with artisans at work in them, and pleasure gardens with people dancing in them. Other scenes go to make this a wonderful structure indeed.

The mill that Benjamin Franklin used to buy his printing paper at, is known as the Iyy Mills, located in Delaware County, Pa. It was built in 1772, and is still in operation.

Last year Pennsylvania expended over nine millions of dollars for pub-

lic school purposes and a half million for soldiers' orphans—more than all the rest of the States together. We have eight Normal Schools and two others coming on, and in a very few years will run the number up to twelve.

The *Cambria Freeman* says:—"Five years ago Mr. Jacob Kline, of Jenner township, Somerset county, found a single grain of white wheat in his red Mediterranean, from which, after five sowings of it and its products, he obtained one hundred bushels of a fine new variety of white wheat."

Sixty thousand dollars reward is offered by the French Minister of Agriculture "for the discovery of an efficacious and economical means of destroying the phylloxera or of preventing its ravages." This, it will be remembered, is the insect that is devastating the French vineyards.

The Supreme Court of New York has just made a highly important decree, nullifying a marriage on the ground that the woman had been unchaste before wedlock, the fruits of guilt appearing shortly after. But this is not the first decision of the kind. Our own courts here in Pennsylvania we believe have decided similarly where the applicant for divorce ignorantly married the woman.

Lead ore, yielding forty per cent. of lead has been discovered on the farm of E. E. Kinch, of Sinking Valley, Blair county.

Half the town or city of Meningen, in Central Germany, capital of the Duchy of that name, was destroyed by fire on the 5th or 6th instant. The loss on buildings alone is estimated at about three millions of American dollars. Upwards of 700 families have been made homeless.

Acknowledgments.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Received from First Reformed Sunday-school, Easton, Pa., per Rev John Beck, D D, \$30 00

RUDOLPH F. KELKER, Treas. For. Miss. General Synod. Harrisburg, Pa., Sep. 4, 1874.

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Received from sale of confection stand at picnic, per W R Yeich, \$89 41
First Reformed Sunday-school, Easton, Pa., Rev J Beck, D D, pastor, 100 00
Miss Annie Weistling, Mt Alto, Pa., 5 00

\$194 41

D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

Received per Rev A S Leinbach, Treasurer of Lebanon Classis, from a member of St Paul's Memorial church, Reading, Pa., \$50, from St Paul's Memorial Church, \$45, communion collection in Orphans' Home Church, Womelsdorf, Pa., Rev D B Albright, pastor, \$15, and collection in Hill church, Rev J E Hiester, pastor, \$15.65, all for the use of German Missions at Reading, Pa., \$125 65
per do, from Rev C H Leinbach, collected in his charge for Church Extension in the West, 25 00

\$150 65

GEO. GELBACH, Treasurer Ch. Extension Fund, 1701 Master street.

THE ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.
Received from a member of St John's congregation, Chambersburg, \$5 00
WM. D. GROSS, Treasurer of the Orphans' Home, Box 2147, Philadelphia, Pa.

MESSENGER ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

(September 16, 1874.)

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Rev J P Stein, J Detwiler, S M Petten-
gil & Co (2), F Sylvester, N W Ayer &
S in (2) A M Purdy, Rev T C Leinbach,
W R Gellan, J Heyser, Rev O L A-shen-
telter, Rev D D Leberman, Rev G B De-
chan, S M Weaver, Rev A C Hottenstein,
Rev J Dotterer, Rev A Whitmer (2), Rev
W A Shoemaker, J F Downey, Rev E D
Miller, Rev F C Bauman, A Janssen, A
Lackey, S G Bressler, G Gross, E H
Hager, S M Hench, Mrs J Keim, Rev J
M Souders, Mrs J B Vanduzen, JS Lakin,
A Hosterman, M H Ka, Rev J C Kurtz,
Rev J F DeLong, T N Baber, J E Reber,
J E Freeman, Rev W M Deatrick, A W
Denison, C O Zenger, Miss F Kern,
Rev D B Albright, Rev J D Zehring, J
M Weathoff, Rev Dr J G Zahner, J
B Fisher, Rev C A Limberg, W F Lich-
liter, C F Hartzell, Rev J Ault, G H
Pfaff, Mrs A Helms, A Lackey, Rev W C
Schaeffer, Rev A J Heller, Rev A C
Whitmer, A Coons, D N Schaeffer, Rev
H Daniel (2 sub), Mrs M C Keasler, S M
Weaver (1 sub), Rev J Dotterer, E J
Zahm, D P Mariz, Rev N Z Snyder, Rev J
H Sykes, M J Riegel, C A Geiger, M D,
E E Stine, J W Davison, Rev W W
Clouser, E G Selchow & Co, D S Rems-
berg, L Koenig II., J Summers, Z A
Yealick.

Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

(Saturday, Sep. 12, 1874.)

FLOUR.

Wheat Flour, Superfine..... \$3.50@3.75
" Extra..... 6.00@6.50
" Fancy..... 7.00@9.00
Rye Flour..... 5.25@5.50
Corn Meal..... 3.80@4.22½

GRAIN.

Wheat, White..... 1.30@1.40
" Red..... 1.12@1.23
Rye..... 93@96
Corn..... 62@96
Oats..... 58@68
Barley..... 2.00@2.30

SEEDS.

Clover..... (100lbs) 10.50@11.50
Timothy..... 2.85@3.20
Flax..... 2.00@2.01
Plaster..... 3.75@4.75

PROVISIONS.

Beef, Mess..... 16.00@17.17
Pork, Mess..... 24 00@24.50
Ham..... 15@16½
Butter, store packed..... 20@21
Do. Roll..... 22@24
Do. Goshen..... 32@34
Lard..... 14@15
Cheese..... 14@14½
Eggs..... 20@25

GROCERIES.

COFFEE.

Rio..... (gold) 15½@19½
Java..... (gold) 24@27
Laguayra..... (gold) 18@18½

SUGAR.

Cuba..... 8½@9
Porto Rico..... 8½@9
Demarara..... 10½@12

Heaven's First Law is Order. Regularity in eating, sleeping, and exercise, and abstinence from such dangerous irritants as alcohol and tobacco, tend to secure a long and healthful life. But even a strict observance of these wholesome rules will not always avert sickness. The best safeguard against epidemic and other diseases is Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, which, by promoting a regular and vigorous action of the digestive, secretory, and excretory organs, keep the body in the best possible condition for resisting and repelling the causes of disease.

"It will be seen from an advertisement in this number of our paper, that J. B. Lippincott & Co., the extensive Philadelphia Booksellers, announce that they have been authorized to send to any clergyman who may wish to receive them, free of

cost, except for postage, copies of Swedenborg, two large works entitled, "THE TRUE CHRISTIAN RELIGION;" and "HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS;" and "HELL FROM THINGS HEARD AND SEEN."

Advertisements.

FITS!

CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy, or falling fits. The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him:

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 28th, 1867.

To SETH HANCE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Dear Sir: Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician; was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I considered that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 836 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Su joined will answer.

GRENADA, MISS. June 30th.—Seth S. Hance—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. He has never had a fit since.

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